LIMITED EDITION

ALL NEW FORMAT!

SAME DYSPHORIA. SAME DUMBASSES.

BRAINWORMS

THE TTTTRANS ZINE

ISSUE 1

41% MORE WORMS

r/ttttrans

About r/ttttrans

ttttrans is a subreddit for cross-

I already know what r/ttttrans is! Why do we need a zine??

Zines are fun! Also, unlike the internet, they tend to stick around. Go look at some queer zines from the 90's! They're still around! They show you how LGBT people used to be and how we got to where we are now!

Hopefully, this little zine will serve as a tiny archive of this place when it implodes in a few years (months?).

Credits:

The people I stole everything from

Thanks :P

Sorry if you tried to submit somthing and it got missed. I promise it wasn't intentional.

There's enough stuff that an issue 2 is possible if the subs are still around when I go on winter break.

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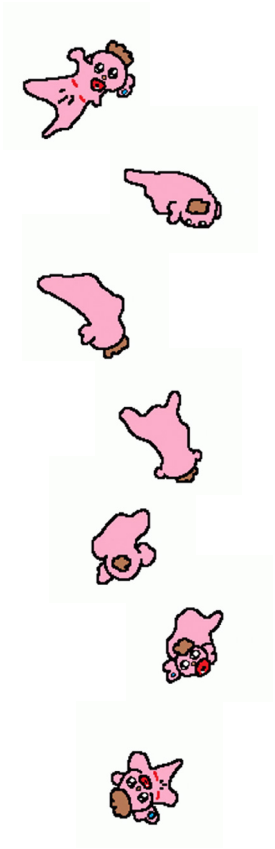

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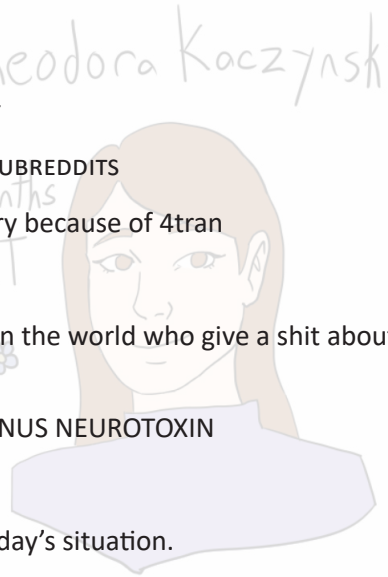

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BREAKING NEWS

Trans Girl once again looks up transphobic content and comments that are certain to make her feel bad and dysphoric

"It's not self harm, I swear."

Hi!

This is a note from the editor.

This zine contains transphobia. It contains some negative attitudes.

If this bothers you, please dispose of this zine and immediately rant about it on tumblr. Thank you!

However, the purpose of this zine is to provide a time-capsule of early 2020's trans internet culture.
It is NOT saying these attitudes and beliefs are good. Most of the people writing are probably quite aware that some of their beliefs and attitudes are NOT good.

And yes, I'm aware of the typos. (Most of) those weren't from me.
They are left intentionally.

I tried to balance the MTF to FTM content. I think the bias represents the sub ok-ish.

Oh and everything's stolen. I'm not an artist. Don't be surprised if everything breaks when you try to print it.

“I won’t girlmode until i’m unclockable”

“i won’t girlmode until i’m unclockable” is one of the most brainwormed attitudes people here have

look, committing to presenting fully as a woman in a transphobic society is scary as fuck, and i understand completely why people want to give hormones time to work. but if you’re waiting around to be “totally unclockable” before you start girlmoding, you’re going to be seriously disappointed.

hormones probably won’t work as well as you want. very few of us become “unclockable” from hrt alone.

so much of passing has to do with social things that can only really be learned by girlmoding and being around cis women as a woman, even if you don’t pass. this is really underappreciated by most people here who are overly focused on visual presentation and don’t understand what makes you fish is not looking like a girl but acting like one.

passing isn’t binary, and most of us end up somewhere where we pass most of the time but not always. truly deep stealth isn’t something you can count on. so you even if your transition is pretty successful, learning how to deal with being clocked is still important.
being clocked isn’t the end of the world. most of u live places that aren’t nearly as transphobic as you think. and while there are plenty of annoying cis allies out there, there are also real cis women who will accept u as a woman if u act like one, regardless of how clocky u are. why waste your time living as man and not experiencing how beautiful deep female friendship can be?

Fuck it.

I’m done.

I’m going out in public as a clocky twinkhon. Permaboymoding is too miserable

I don’t care what people think anymore. Life is too short to stay like this. Besides, I feel more shame for appearing male than I ever could for being a tranny.

like idk, just in general i would say this attitude of “nothing until i’m perfectly impeccably stealth” is mostly a fantasy that it’s possible to transition without any kind of social cost or difficulty or whatever. this is only something that ppl under age of 25 or whatever could ever think. for any of us who were conscious before like 2016 know that transition has always been hard as fuck, it’s always come with a cost. and i don’t mean to be mean, it’s really fucking scary to start girlmoding. i truly want to honor those fears. but transitioning is hard, and sometimes it’s scary, and you need to push through it. doesn’t mean you have to start today, or that it’s never okay to wait a bit. but eventually you’re going to have to just go for it and live your life.

you are beautiful, and you will experience a lot of pain in this fucked up world, but believe me, it’s worth it. xoxo

cis female friends

y'all need cis female friends

all the memes hating on cis women on 4tran related subs are so dumb as fuck. the number one thing half of y'all need is female friends. you probably have a lot more in common than you think (especially women who aren't super attractive!) and you could probably learn a lot from them. half of the brainworms in this place make no sense if you've been close friends with enough cis women

like 95% of my friends are cis women and I don't know where i'd be without them. even the ones that kinda treated me as a gay bff early on were still way way nicer to me than any of the men were and they taught me so much. i am so glad i didn't like perma boymode with female friends I would honestly be hopeless if I did.

just at least consider it. once you get used to it it's honestly easier than making male friends and much easier to get very close with them. a lot of my male friendships are surface level hobby centric stuff for instance. tldr women are awesome don't underestimate them

LGBT club

I went to my usual LGBT club meeting at college and today we had a meeting that was going to primarily focus on trans struggles. "Great!" I thought. "Maybe I'll get some advice on how to handle dysphoria or how to go about medical transition and other trans struggles!" The club had four people on a panel who were goin to talk about what it means to be trans: all four of them were enbies; two "any pronouns" AFAB enbies who presented as cis women, one AMAB he/they enby who presented as a cis man and one enby who was actually androgynous and had faced actual transphobia (they mentioned a time they were chased out of a woman's bathroom). The whole time all of them talked about the struggles of being trans and asking people to use their pronouns as though that's ALL what being trans was about. I felt so used for some reason; this 100% cis appearing feminine cis woman talking about her struggles being trans and I'm just flabbergasted! I wanted to ask a question about what dysphoria meant to them but I'd probably just get some non-answer about pronouns or that "you don't need dysphoria to be trans".

The whole meeting was about trans issues but dysphoria or transition was NOT. MENTIONED. ONCE!

It was so horribly awkward; I'm not sure how many people in the club know I'm trans (a friend there knows but only because I told her) and I didn't want to say anything that would make the others not like me.

Sorry, just wanted to vent. None of them are bad people in the slightest, but I just felt so alienated and alone when I had really looked forward to seeing other people like me.

Jesus christ

I spent the entire day doing nothing but lifting, jerking off, and drinking milk. The only time I stopped was to eat 6 cartons of cottage cheese and 3 packs of lunchmeat. The last time I had my levels checked my testosterone was at 1104. I am not FtM, I am FtCaveman

high af st4t appreciation post

I fucking love women. They're so beautiful and perfect. If a woman smiled at me I would marry her on the spot. Trans women are even more perfect because they understand dysphoria and shitty families and transition related stuff. I love twinkhons and their slim, pretty figures and sweet smiles. I love boymoders and their shy insecurity that will someday blossom into womanhood. I love their long hair and soft skin and giant hoodies that make them look small and cute. I love passoids and their radiant confidence and curves and beautiful clothes and bodies. I love autistic tranners who will infodump to me about their special interests for hours on end and show me how to play their favorite games and listen to their favorite music. I love bpd tranners who think they don't deserve love because I will show them love and care and tell them how much they mean to me. I fucking love women and st4t is so incredibly based thank you for listening to my high Ted talk I'm going to catch a nod now later y'all

Cissoids have no Empathy

I know I know this should be obvious by now, but something happened today that really made that point settle for me.

So YouTube being the shitty platform it is suggested for me a video of this FtM detranstioner who, of course, talks about the danger of transitioning and the trans movement or whatever. And basically the comments are full of other FtM detranstioners, and like the vast majority are crying tears over the fact that their voice dropped permanently. Like, they're literally all having breakdowns over their voices, and get thousands of comments and likes sympathizing with them as if its the greatest tragedy ever.

And it's just hilarious because all those detranstioners, including the one from the video, look like women. Like...they don't even have any visible hairs or anything. They are just women with gruffy voices. And that's exactly the thing: the effects of testosterone post-puberty are laughable compared to male puberty . During male puberty, you shoot up in size and height, your ribcage and shoulders expand, your face most likely gets permanently masculinized with jawline, chin, brow, and midface, your head becomes larger, and your hands and feet become larger.

Now What are the HORRIBLE and PERMANENT effects FtM detranstioners have to deal with? Hair and voice.

The former, mind you, is usually not that significant if you haven't been on T for several years since facial hair takes time, and voice which is completely fixable with speech therapy.

Right now, if you're MtF, I want you to imagine this... imagine if the only thing you needed to be treated as a woman was just voice training and occasionally having to shave (maybe not even if you get laser)... like I would break down crying from happiness. Heck, EVEN if I could never fix my voice with speech therapy in that scenario, I'll gladly just live as a mute woman.

And yet no one has sympathy for trans women. We're just kinda expected to deal with it, and the minute that we ask for something like FFS, or laser we immediately get shut down because those things are allegedly "cosmetics".

It's not really that cis people don't understand dysphoria. In many ways, cis people experience dysphoria in one form or another. Yet, they choose to simply not understand us. And that's exactly why they have no empathy.

Like oh you don't feel manly enough because your dick is small? Imagine being born without a dick at all.

Oh you don't feel feminine enough because you have hairs on your leg? Imagine having to shave every fucking day otherwise you would get a beard.

Thank you all

The main sub and it's sister subs actually helped me more than mainstream Trans Reddit

It's kinda weird honestly. I don't mind main trans Reddit that much, but it can get a little too positive and hugboxy for my tastes. And while the main sub here can be a little mean sometimes, people here can be very inspiring and uplifting in an honest way. Besides most of my interactions here were often very pleasant. I don't know why, for some reason 4tran made me simultaneously more dysphoric but also helped me cope with my dysphoria in ways, the other subs never really helped me. While I have a pretty bad dysphoria + depression phase currently, I actually unironically have more hope for the future, due to the 4tran community.

So thank you all. I wish you all the best in your journey and transition

FUCK the honsonas and the negativity we stay POSITIVE

Presenting the...

The Blooming Alt Midshit aka me!! :3

nice, well kept, puffy jewfro

hair that hides her eyebrows, but still doesn't hate them

still struggles with eating, but knows it's an issue and is working to fix it

going to get underbite surgery, which will feminize her face for much cheaper than ffs

round glasses frame her face really well

doesn't care about looking "agp", she just wants to express herself how she likes

cute black lipstick

pretty choker & necklace

wider shoulder than she'd like, but softer than most men her height

planning to switch to injections soon

wears a bra, doesn't need it but knows she will

takes mirror selfies because they're easy and show off her whole fit

does stupid shit with her hands, doesn't care

comfortable enough to use she/her while talking about herself, and say that she's a girl

cool new starry night phone case

6'3/190
Accepts it as a rare gift despite the dysphoria

cool belt ties everything together

saw the off the shoulder hoodie look on pintrest, and she nailed it

is out to friends at school despite not girlmoding

hips are small, but she knows she's early on, so doesn't mind them

pretty combination of greens

has learned to accept compliments

on anti-depressants and anti-anxiety meds

remembered to wear her bottoms at her waist and not her hips

does not know how to do makeup, but mom has offered to teach

cool ass mushroom pants

blooming

growing into a young woman

doing well academically

asked a boy for his instagram, and going to ask him to lunch next time she sees him

pulls off the one thigh high look

pretty stockings

has to shave less often on hrt

has noticed slight breast development

not necessarily happy, but still grateful for what she has

above average shoe size for american woman, but still much smaller than most her height

no shoes indoors

has begun to do some basic voice training

· 6 mo. ago

every trans person, and especially every brainwormed trans woman in this in this reddit needs to make one of themselves in this, no self deprecation allowed, by self deprecating you're seeping your self harm into your humour, and all that does is make you less of a nice person to be around.

40 Reply Share •••

OP · 6 mo. ago

terminally boy addicted

new trend!!! woooo!!!!

we can get a little positivity as a treat

54 Reply Share •••

OP · 6 mo. ago

terminally boy addicted

just a lil

hey tranners its me :3

so ive good news :D

i got into a university!! yayyyyyy :3 its 12 hours away from me but it has a good program for what i want so i really cant complain, especially since no other 4 year university would take me after my suspension

im talking to a guy... not the guy i hooked up with and made the smutttt post about, a different guy i met from bumble, he lives out of state but im gonna visit him soon hehe >:3

im thinking abt starting an onlyfans since i feel more confident in my appearance lately, some new gothpianist pics coming soon (nothing crazy since i had to go off for a while lol) lmk if i should

anyways hope you all are well!!!

gothviolinist556 - goodbye for now!

Rethinking Shit

Just saw the happiest lesbian t4t couple and it kinda changed my perspective on transition

Yesterday i was, ironically, walking home from picking up my prescription, and I saw a couple of trans femmes just chatting with each other. Even though they were presenting fem, they made no attempt to hide the fact that they were visibly trans. No voice training, no pathetic introversion. Just a couple of happy twinkhons laughing it up about whatever.

And like… I was super fucking jealous?? Like sure they didn't pass but they didn't care and they were cute anyways. I lowkey envy their confidence and the fact that they had each other's support. Their ability to just live their lives without giving a fuck was admirable.

Seriously rethinking this permamanmoder shit.

Ethel Cain Skinwalker

Doomerism and self hatred = cringe

Honfidense and self love = based

OP · 6 mo. ago

terminally boy addicted

> don't pass- don't care

my new mantra

58 Reply Share •••

Glad to see you've gained a bit more positive outlook, I've also managed to turn myself around a bit ^.^ hope it keeps going well!!

14 Reply Share •••

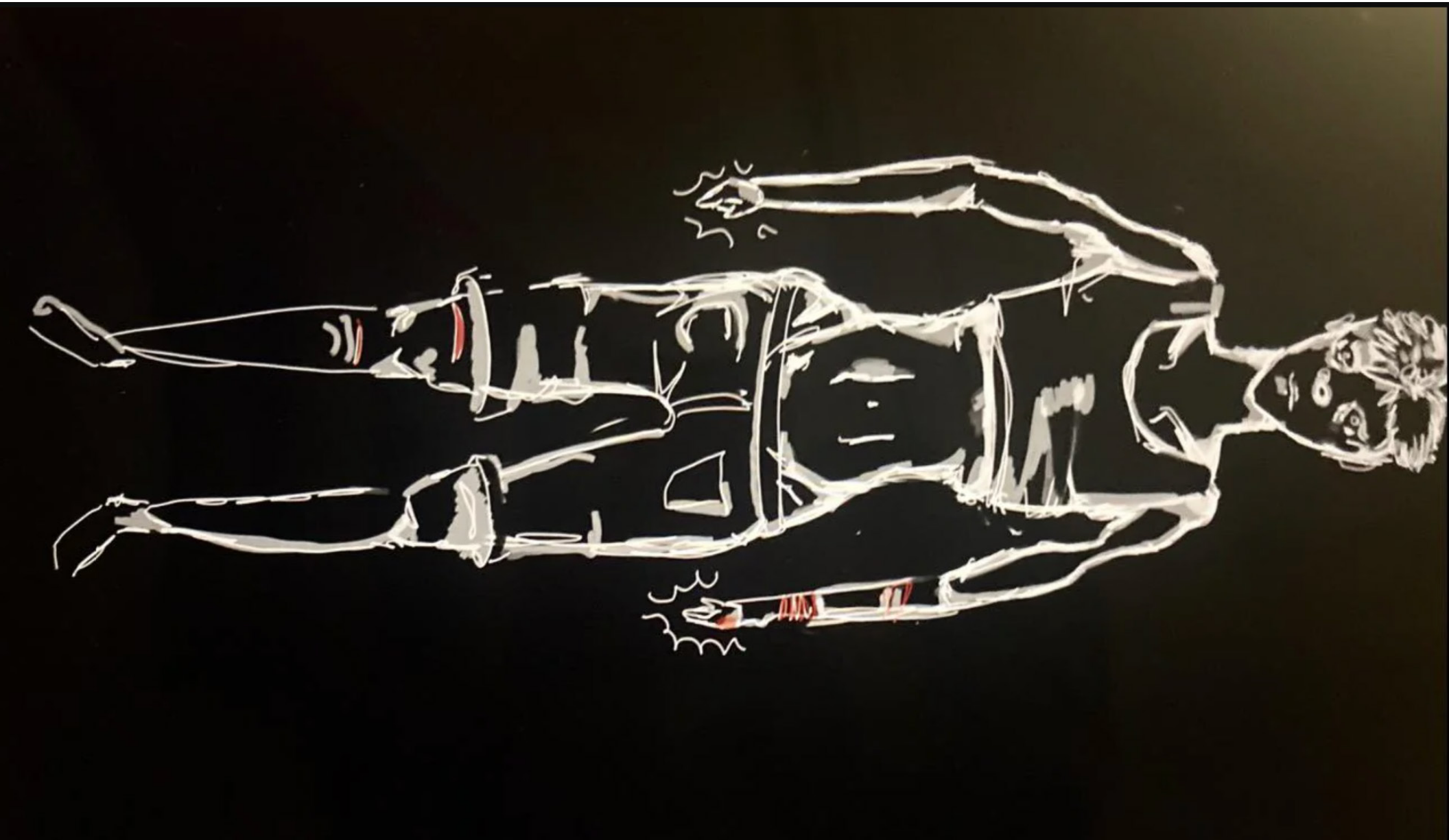
OP · 6 mo. ago

terminally boy addicted

yeah im gonna go pick up my first dose of ssri and antianxiety today so im very glad

14 Reply Share •••

BRAIN BRAIN BRAIN BRAIN BRAIN
WORMS WORMS WORMS



With all of my love, in case this is goodbye

sometimes kids will ask me “hey mors, if you have a fancy adult job, how are you able to post on tran sites 24/7?” well i’ll tell you kids, i have one simple trick: don’t do your job (employers hate me)

that’s right, kids. with just one simple year of don’t do your job you can send your cushy beyond belief life into a death spiral so puckering you can crush walnuts with your anus

you kids are so darn lovable and i have so little oversight at work, that for real, i have mostly just been telling edgy stories instead of adding stockholder value this whole time. tried to stop. can’t stop. i need that sweet sweet dopamine, my troons. i only have a job still because my employer basically thinks i’m a business unicorn and all he needs to do is put money in my account and... i’m honestly not sure what he thinks will happen, but he keeps paying me and he’s actually a really nice guy and i need to figure this shit out

in other words, my dears, it’s not you, it’s me and honestly it breaks my heart because honestly, you have been the best thing to happen to me other than my wife in so so long

you made me feel like wendy to your peter poon and the lost troons. you made me want to tell you stories and wipe your tears, and sit with you all through a fucked up rope-vacation weekend just making sure you were still there to respond to my texts. you made my heart beat again

i went to therapy for you. did wpath for you. took physical steps for the first time in my life for you. you didn’t save my life, exactly, but you made me remember why it was worth living. you changed my life, 4tran, and i love you with all of my heart

if i can come back, i will, but i doubt i can. i’d still be smoking too, if i could control my addictions. i’m hooked on media so bad and i need to get control back, so this is probably goodbye. i’m taking a month vacation, no drugs, no vidya, may as well add no reddit, and when my need is broken i’ll probably decide i have to stay away

i thought i had an extra day and i don’t. i’m sorry this is rushed and i don’t have time for one more story like the day i funny-roped or the day my car almost blew up at 147. i’m sorry i don’t have time to write the personal letters you deserve, and the stories i said i would write. just know that i’m thinking of you. know that you mean so very much to me and do your best

if you would do one thing for me, do your best, my beloved troons. when life knocks you down, get up and fight. sink your teeth in life’s throat and die with your boots on by christ because this is your one chance and you are already doing better than i ever did. and be good to each other. try to be good to yourselves. try to see the person i see when i look at you and love yourself that much

if i can come back, i will. i’ll tell you stories about costa rica and how monkeys stole my pina colada on the beach, or maybe i’m too addicted to leave, and i’ll see you in a few days, but probably this is goodbye

live your lives so very well, my dears. as i leave, all of my love and all of my heart stays behind

ps. i’m [redacted#4141] on discord if you need anything but i’m out for a month anyway. if you see hatman, give him my best

Hon

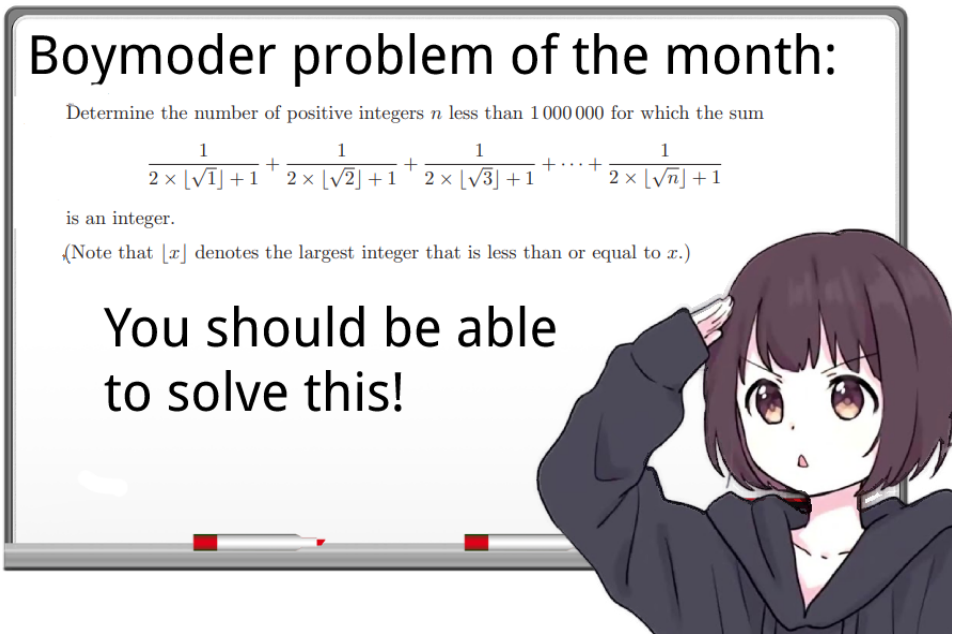
Most of yall dont understand what the word “hon” means.

Allow me to show you via something that happened to me a little over a year ago.

You have been chatting with an mtf you met on an agp discord server. She's really forthcoming about her experience being a socially-out tranner. Your nights with her seem to just get a little longer as you grow closer, frog, she just may be closer to your then your irl friends are. You, being the all-too familiar stay-at-home 19 y.o. "midshit", don't have anyone else you can connect with on tranner topics. With how pervasive being queer is, your entire life is basically just inside a shell of your own doing - whether by conscious effort or not. Having someone like that to listen to, and to be listened to... it really is something.
Her name is some obviously transbian shiz, "Odyssey". How oddly original of her. She says she realized her truth when she was really young, nut couldn't transition because of her guardians being bigots. But that is in the past now. And hey! She wants to "drive" on that better future she fought so hard for. When you heard tranner-coded band was having a concert in her state, you were ecstatic! Your first hrt prescription was going to be filled like the day before, so your oh-so-sinister plan was to ask your friend, your mentor, your... no-now your getting ahead of yourself, haha... The two of you confirm the plan to set in motion: you get yout HRTit-tacs, hop on the bus and go habe your bff support you -hey, needles are scary, okay!
Taking a pic of you shooting up tranny juice at the band's concert would be legendary. It is all you can think about as you get a message on your mobile. *Odyssey: One new message". You can see the first few words of the text notification, "I really like you so I need to tell you, I'm kinda a hon-". Before you could read the rest the bus driver asks you for your digital ticket(youve never ridden before, huh). Shovel your phone into your jacket pocket and forget about it as you take a seat

and wait for what seems like forever. Its a short walk from the drop-off location to the venue, thankfully it is wonderfull outside!

You can smell the air is different here. Hurriedly, you ruah to the parking lot where you will wait for your prey, she will be here soon.
It may be awkward to ride with a non-passing hon, but just from the populated parking ramp you’re in now, you can spot at least 2 others. One of them even looked at you and smirked. They can probably tell you’re a closeted tran, duh. A call from Odyssey startles you, then you answer it with haste. She should be here really soon, the anticipation is strangulating! The first thing you hear when you pick up the phone is the screech of tires on asphalt, loud enough to cover up whatever she was saying on her side, surely. The second thing you hear is what can only be compared to a drumbeat... if the drum had bones in it and were spilling blood everywhere! That hon who clocked you earlier just got splatted by some maniac!? What the frog! Years of dissociation werent enough to prepare for this, a shockwave of agony you can nearly feel yourself, even though



you yourself hadnt been hit. Like a bull, the maniac driver isnt quite finished with such meager casualties, another swerve throws them over, the very velocity of the vehicle becomes it's enemy, as it flips and rolls over to the stairwell, hitting a group of 5 that just were walking up the stairwell. Fun fact: humans are quite squishy

Just one line, "Ouuugghh..." came from the car. You drop your phone on the concrete ground, your grip not being a consideration of importance at the moment. You do, however recognize the voice is also coming from your phone... OH FROG OH FROG OH FROG! She cant have been one of those 5 people, right? Or the drummer hon??! Please dont let it be her... Your childhood of repping has prepared you for this! You will go see the group of people, and help them! Hopefully, hopefully your phone's reiterance of that groan of pain was merely a coincidence! Inching forwards, your whole body is shaking yet still moving nonetheless. You can do this, you are strong. There's blood on the hood of the car, my gosh there's blood just... everywhere. "Caller has hung up." Says the car's speakers right before you walk by the door. The driver is probably dead, they have to be after that... The driver, the driver, who? Who would do something like this?! Creeping around to see into the driver side door you see... nothing? Nobody? No one at all? Wait... wait... It is now that you see the car's make and model. Of course, how had you not have noticed before? Odyssey, your online transbian discord gf is actually a Honda Odyssey. And that is why we dont let women drive.

Dad called me his daughter! :)

Today my Dad came over to my apartment to help fix my car since the brakes had been acting funny, and for a while we put in a lot of work taking the wheels off and moving around heavy equipment I kept mentioning how weak I was. He sortof acknowledged it, but told me I was stronger than I thought.

Something else happened though. While we were working he would say things like "You've got this, girl!" and "Even girls need to know how to work on their car." Before this he had rarely gendered me correctly, and definitely not this enthusiastically, so it put a smile on my face to hear it.

After our father-daughter bonding time my Dad had to leave, but a little while later I got a message from him:

"Hey [name], I'm sorry it has taken me a while to understand that I have a daughter"

As I read it I started to cry. His daughter! He had never called me his daughter before! It feels so bizarre but also so wonderful for them to finally see me! It's taken both my parents a while to see who I really am but I am so glad they've come around to me now :)

I just wanted to share this in hopes that it'll let other people out there like me know that things do get better, even if it takes time :)

A str8 tourist

im a str8 tourist, this place is depressing as fuck wow

found this while checkin a profile of some1 in a semi adjacent sub and between this sub, 4tran, and transcirclejerk this might be the bleakest corner of the internet. I mean I respect youre all so candid and open about your emotions but holy shit every 2nd pst is about how you wanna k*ll yourselves? is this the actual trans life? have i been brainwashed by the mainstream trans positivism? It feels like youre all going thru hell. Getting 2nd hand depression here! some of the memes are hysterical though those pooner comics are art

and is chaser a slur?? ive topped a femboy before (before i turned 20 so im still str8) and i didnt realize there was some stigma around being attracted to trans people

They hurts worse

Being called they hurts worse than being called she

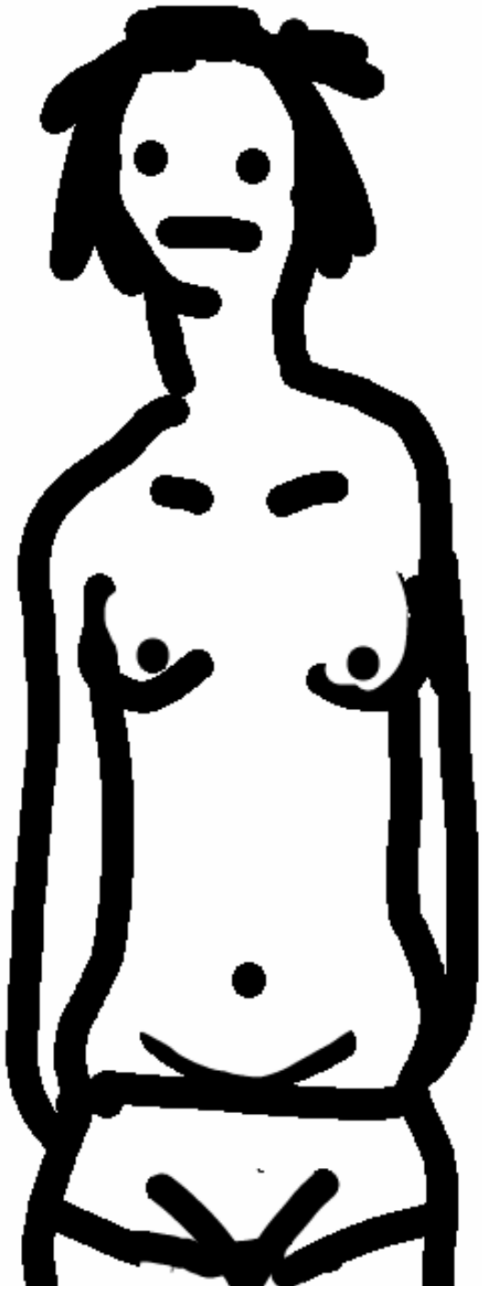
I met my bf's friends yesterday (he introduced me as his boyfriend) and got consistently they/them'd and one of them asked what name I wanted to to go by EVEN THOUGH I HAD ONLY BEEN INTRODUCED TO THEM BY ONE NAME. I wanted to shoot myself. Not only did they see me as a girl but they also saw me as a tranny abomination. He didn't even tell them I was trans I'm kms

sick of being an inbetween

creeping up on one year hrt and im so tired.

i look at myself in the mirror and cant see a man or a woman, instead i identify the creature staring back at me as some kind of broken eunuch homunculus, a creature with fatty misshapen hips and trailing body hair and wide ribs upon which are perched tuberous breasts, an undeniably masculine face cast in oddly soft skin yet pierced by ever-growing facial hair. i feel sick looking at it. i can't bring myself to call myself 'he' or 'she' because both patently false, i will simultaneously never be a woman like i want to be nor ever be the man i once was again.

i feel cursed. i wish i had the courage or confidence to simply seize one of the two labels for myself but i don't. i wish i could be content with my progress, or find strength in repression, or simply be happy being this strange androgynous thing, but i can't do any of those things. it's stupid. i'm stupid.



being trans would be so much better if hrt wasn't just a total gamble

transitioning/transphobia is already hellish enough as it is

but then on top of that you have to spend a ton of money and time to only have a CHANCE of passing? (assuming you're not a youngshit)

and by the time you've figured out if you pass or not, you're either still stuck with the wrong genitals at best, and at worst you're physically branded tranny to anyone who sees you in public for the rest of your life

it's fucked

Holy shit being trans is a nightmare

Repping is destroying my soul but transitioning seems like the worst fate imaginable. I'm forever going to be disgusted with myself and transition will just make all the ways my body is wrong more obvious, plus I will lose probably my entire family and any shot at having a normal life. My mom will convince my baby sister that I am the devil. I don't think I can live with that. How do you guys do it?

Non-dysphoric theyfabs who treat dysphoria like some kind of moral failing:

No, I don't have a "fragile masculinity" because I don't want to be a fecking valid femboy, especially since I'm pre-T and top surgery.

No, I don't have "body image issues" because I dislike having wide hips and tits.

No, I'm not "transphobic" because I want to be seen as a real man and not a he/they tranny freak.

Dysphoria is real. Stop pathologising and moralising perfectly reasonable reactions to being a man with foid genes.

why is none talking about the part of transition where you look like this (ftm but I guess could apply to anyone on hrt)

how did you get it so perfect? even the hip thing where it goes in right after the hips then goes back out with the thighs, this is just what i always look like as an mtf

Starting to believe everyone to a degree looks like this at some point on hrt. The small saggy mantits, the kinda wide frame, weird disproportional hips and thighs..

yeah but for me this is the end state of my transition, but man i really thought i was alone in my weird hip thing.

Definitely not. Most pooners have it so I thought it was an afab thing but I guess it's just an estrogen thing? We're all trans afterall

yeah ive just never ever seen someone else with it and ive been hating my self for it, makes me feel a bit better to not be alone, just everyone i see it just continues in one single bumb outward with the outermost part being in line with the butt.

God I feel you. Makes me want to cease to exist

why do we look like this and why dont cis people what causes this hip thigh valley thing???

It's called hip dips a lot of people have them AFAB and AMAB its all genetics, it's due to muscle and hip bone position

being between genders is fun

· 6 mo. ago

DNI HUGBOXXERS

tbh only passing in girl clothes isn't true passing, this is effortcope

31 Reply Share ···

[deleted] · 6 mo. ago

Passing only counts if you can do it with a shaved head while naked

33 Reply Share ···

· 6 mo. ago

DNI HUGBOXXERS

i think if you need long hair to pass, it means you pass as a cishon. i say this because of how (relatively) common ftm luckshits who can pass with just a haircut are.

i still stand on needing girl clothes being a cope tho

10 Reply Share ···

· 6 mo. ago

i think this is a fucking pointless metric that will only lead to self-hatred tbh

like, let's be honest here: what is *actually* the goal with passing? what is the practical reasons for it? because at least in my eyes, using passing as an achievement, just to say "haha look at me i can pass :sunglasses_emoji:" is just pointless. no, for me, the point is just to have people gender me correctly without thinking about it. to be able to get rid of that "oughhhhh they can tell and are gonna be weird about ittttt" hanging over my head in every social situation.

so if you can only pass while, say, wearing a specific type of clothing, provided you already want to wear that type of clothing, then literally who gives a shit, what difference does that make?

begging this sub to quit being weird about this shit lol

21 Reply Share ···

· 6 mo. ago

so true. if you don't pass with a shaved head, who gives a fuck are you planning on shaving your head any time soon? if you need long hair to pass, then don't get a haircut and you're good

7 Reply Share ···

Goodbye everyone

Don't worry I'm not killing myself, but I am quitting 4tran. After a number of conversations with friends and a bit of self reflection I've reached the conclusion that this place is not very good for my mental wellbeing and as such I'm leaving. Tomorrow I'm going to log out of all my 4tran related accounts and put the written down passwords in a locked box at the bottom of a pile of crap and I'm going to block 4chan on all of my devices. Hopefully this will keep me out of here.

If anyone wants to contact me, my discord username is [redacted#0041]

This is the legendary deskhon signing off.

Can someone make a list of everything that's wrong with 4tran? Like I know this place has just made me even more miserable, but maybe if I knew why exactly it makes me feel more miserable it could actually convince me to leave.

Idk if I could leave though, it's the only place where I feel like I can share the pain of being trapped inside this disfigured flesh prison and I won't be seen as deranged or a freak (not that anyone would care if I left lmao)

Everything wrong with 4tran

I love 4tran so don't get me wrong at all. I think this place has the merit of countering the sunshine and rainbows type optics of mainstream trans spaces - which we all get tired/embarrassed of - and it brings in (some) realistic rhetoric while offering a place for trans ppl to vent about the very real hardships of dysphoria and transition. We can talk about transition regret or dissatisfaction. We can talk about how for most of us, just taking the hormones isn't enough. And it's niche enough here that we can say all of this stuff without worrying too much about cis tourists making generalizations about us from it. So I think it can be a good thing and I say all of this from a removed stance.

I do think it can get to be a dark place for the exact reasons it's appealing, especially without any positive supplementation. While you likely feel like the people here have the experience and views that most closely align with yours (and it is refreshing to hear anything other

Do not date repressors

so I met a guy in my city who told me they were a reppressor.

They transitioned for a while but stopped because very Christian parents who believe trans people were created by the Jewish community. We've been friends for a while and a few days ago he takes me out. He notices I'm cold and offers me a jacket which was djskjdksjksjdkalfjk. he buys me dinner at a restaurant and we go back to my place where we have a really nice night watching chainsaw man. he cuddled my plushies which was really wholesome and one way to a girl's heart. he asks if he can sleep over. we share a bed and he moves into me which was really nice and I feel the warmth of a man for the first time in my life. neither of us sleep much but it was really nice

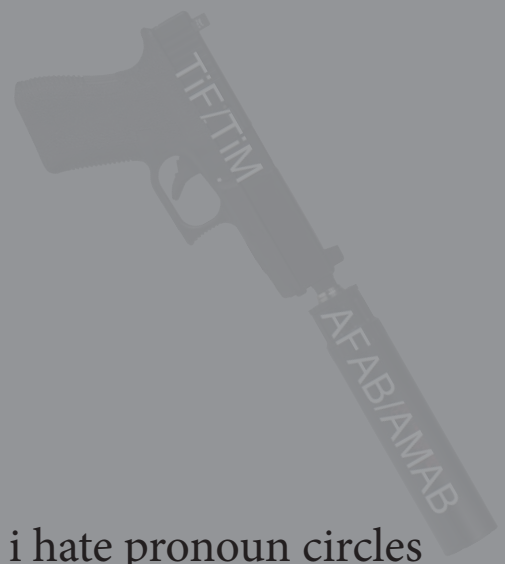
the next day someone on discord tells me that the repper is probably really into me and he starts flirting over dms which confirms it. he says he has a "plan for tonight" which he cancels and he calls me obsessive for trying to find something else to do and I say I'm worried he's being depressive. a few hours later he says he's coming over. and he comes over drunk. he keeps putting Kanye music on and I try to get him to tell me how he feels. he said he doesn't want to talk about his feelings about me but he probably only slept over because of trauma he pressured me into drinking and after half a cider I could tell that I was really impaired so I stopped. I told him he was too drunk to walk home so he sprints out of my apartment so I can't catch up with him. he says he won't talk to me until the end of exams and blocks me. this morning he unblocked me and says he wants to meet he sends me a block of text which he deletes

repressors aren't emotionally mature enough to consider dating

than cringe tucute shit / luckshits bragging), it's hard to surround yourself with that and nothing else. If your feelings are negative, it feels good to be around other people who share your experience and feel negatively, but only to a certain extent. Camaraderie over negativity (which, at least here, is a little too often framed as objective realism) is still just wallowing in negativity. Like a support group of amputees—you need to hear some of that negativity to feel like you're not alone, you need to outlet your feelings, but it needs to be supplemented with real life coping skills and a way to adjust to your life as it is or it will ultimately do harm by way of feelings of helplessness. 4tran undoubtedly creates a bond over a negative experience, and there's a slight sense of superiority / increased legitimacy that people here have from experiencing transness so negatively, which makes it a little bit irresistible to people in a fringe minority group that rarely feel superior over anyone or anything.

In many ways, the 4tran mentality is one of inevitable doom—believing that we will never be happy, even at our absolute best, and believing that things will never improve for trans people socially (or if it does, that it will be meaningless). There are ppl suiposting and discussing addiction openly. The language used can be pretty abrasive. There is bitterness and vitriol directed at people who have better luck than us. There is extreme negative self-talk, and while it's directed solely at the poster themself, it's about features that we share—how could we not internalize that? There are regular posts about paranoid negative projections of how we speculate our loved ones and others must think of us for being trans. We split people up depending on when they have access to hormones to determine their hope for the future. I think sometimes there is a fixation on certain aspects of sexual dimorphism that is unproductive and doesn't really matter in the real world when it comes to passing and we literally only bring it up to torture ourselves, and in a weird way we feel superior because we have a higher standard of "cis passing" / "successful transition."

In many ways, we are more realistic here, but I would also say that sometimes the sentiments are extreme or toxic, and we know this somewhere. I think we clown on people for being "too sensitive" here because this is a purposefully abrasive place but for all we claim to be realistic, we should probably be more aware of how the mentality here can be refreshing but can also decrease quality of life for some. Some people don't know how / don't have the ability to balance this place out with positivity or hope in their offline life. They shouldn't stay here. And yet, people who shouldn't stay here are enticed by that feeling of slight superiority that they desperately need.
Basically, for all the reasons it is good and appealing, it also wears some people down and creates a shittier worldview. As much as we get tired of mainstream trans rhetoric and uwu trans positivity, sometimes you need a little smoke blown up your ass and some hope if you're going to go on living. I'm not trying to convince you to leave at all but this is my personal analysis for why it can be refreshing, addicting, and debilitating all at once. Probably way more than you asked for. Lmao



i hate pronoun circles

a theyfab from my high school from a few years ago who bullied me relentlessly in the past looked for me on instagram and saw that i had "she" in my bio and got really upset for some reason, telling me that pronouns aren't a joke and that i should stop making fun of trans women and put my "correct" pronouns in my bio, giving me a big lecture on gender identity and everything

it's pretty ironic since she used to be homophobic and said i was gay for being abnormally short one time (i mog cis women in height)

nobody took me seriously when i put "she" in my social media profiles and people thought i was mocking trans people and their pronouns, none of them have seen me in real life for a really long time since i moved out of the country and people generally just thought i was still a cis man

i hate having to explain that i am transitioning to all my past people and telling them that i actually am transgender, but maybe i shouldnt even do that and leave them behind (i am never going to see anyone who knew me pretransition again)

FOR
THE
LOVE

OF GOD

VOICE TRAIN

i have an ok "customer service voice" that seemed to pass for phone calls or w strangers, but I haven't really used it for extended periods in months, and I find it super hard to keep up and find myself sliding back into my normal speaking voice.

Do you have any advice as far as being able to stay in the higher register, and not "backsliding" so to speak, w my voice?

What do you use to train?

It's something I need to work on

that is mostly just practice tbh

well if the hons on r/transvoice spamming links to TransVoiceLessons, arguing with each other about pedagogy, and crying that their voice waifu doesn't get enough credit from people aren't working for you...

What worked for me doing 99% self taught was to basically try basically every exercise recommended in any of the big guides on the transvoice sub a little to develop better muscle control and coordination. Basically both the resonant voice or mimicry based guides and the transvoicelessons defense force are going to get you to the same place just with different methods.

that said i used two youtube playlists that are older/non sciencey methods:

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCkE3DEolaxXlx-LY5D-0tCjA/playlists
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U7Z9HBWYVc-Q&list=PLeeNHvyib3i-1u6QRW3IukFrVTJxJk733

Bria's videos are really good to practice along with but i mostly found them to be like...exercise. Not really teaching you to do a girl voice but making your muscle control better and stuff.

That said TransVoiceLessons can be useful if you're trying to fix specific things but her approach is to like: info dump > demonstrate the thing really quickly > demonstrate it differently quickly a few more times > do some exercises that you basically have to just get > reiterate...I find it totally offputting and hard to follow. If it clicks for you then it'll be very useful to target specific changes, if it doesn't then buckle up because you're gonna have someone ramming it down your dickhole every time you open a post.

You can try as an exercise getting to your target voice and making a resonant humm at your speaking pitch, like a hmmmmm or a nnnnnnn sound. you'll probably feel your teeth chatter a little, or your lips/nose/cheekbones. Those are sympathetic vibrations and they'll be concentrated in your head if you've gotten your voice out of your chest register correctly.

Anyway take the hummm to a voiced vowel sound and back, like hmmmm-aaaaaah-mmmmm-aaaaah etc, aiming to keep the feeling/vibrations/vocal size the same when you're humming. You can also use that to practice pitch contouring by up pitching the vowels smoothly then dropping back down to the base pitch when humming.

You can also just do it with regular speech, the key is to fix yourself when you make a mistake! For practice, keep an eye on your pitch and size and if you see yourself getting off somehow, do a reset and start over. If you have a vowel come out too dark, just repeat it right. For normal speech, you can try using a voiceless siren to keep your size small when not speaking and focus on ending your sentences at the same relative pitch and size you started them.

anyway good luck! I've got faith you'll get this sis <3

Ty

hey I detransitioned but I had some luck with voice training and hopefully what I learned will be more useful to you.

There are a lot of things that people say matter in voice training, but the one that's the most important by far is resonance. When you talk above your voice's resonant frequency, you get the Mickey Mouse sound. So to actually sound feminine, you need to not only change your pitch, but your resonance. The trick to this is to raise your larynx a little while you talk. The problem is, you aren't used to consciously controlling your larynx, so you'll have to learn where it is. There are a couple of shortcuts to help your brain recognize the muscles that control it. Just shop around and try different ones until you find one that works for you.

Some good ones:

The Lena method:

1. Place your fingers of your throat lightly, swallow, feel how Adam's apple goes up, then down. Look at it in a mirror (or from a side using a web-camera).

2. Swallow again, try to delay its descent. Try to feel inside your neck (not with fingers) the muscles which pull Adam's apple upwards during swallowing.

3. Learn to pull your Adam's Apple upwards and backwards.

4. Then learn to do that during speech. It's the shortcut.

This was the one I used and had success with. If it doesn't work for you, try one of the others.

Big dog small dog: I've seen a lot of people who the Lena method didn't work for have success with this

Whisper Siren: idk much about this, but you can try googling it

Once you think you've figured out how to adjust your resonance, DM me a vocaroo and I'll tell you if you've got it right

After that, you need to practice using your voice. At first, it'll take a lot of energy to use, which will make it tire quickly and sound forced. This is solved by just

using it a lot until it becomes less effortful to use. My advice is to just talk to people in it. Having conversations will keep you from getting bored during practice, and it will distract you from how dysphoric you'd feel if you just sit for hours listening to your own beginner transvoice. Talk to friends, talk to strangers, talk to other trannies if you can because you know they won't judge you, but just talk. Don't get discouraged if progress is slow, it takes a couple months to get good, but once you've figured out how to alter your resonance it really is just a matter of putting in the hours. My only other tip is that your voice will go back down slowly over time when you're first learning, so make sure to reset it back up every few minutes.

What could detransition actually look like for me?

I am genuinely stuck and I don't know what to do. Every detrans community is filled with rabid transphobes. I don't hate trans people. I wish this was working for me but it's not and I don't have a reason to keep going.

I could stomach telling my friends. I've already told a few of them that I have been thinking about detransition and (the cis ones) are more understanding than the trannies I've told because their judgement of me isn't clouded by an understanding of dysphoria. Their thought process is probably something like: "This person wants to be a woman. They tried to become one, but it didn't work out. They are giving up trying to be a woman". (And that's pretty accurate)

Telling my workplace feels more difficult. I like where I work and I get paid well. But I would surely have to leave this workplace if I detransitioned.

And before you "alice take your pills me", two things:

1. I'm not a cute BDD-addled twat like Sophie or some other delusional attention seeker from 4tst. Half of you cunts, if someone took a picture of me while doing groceries or something and posted it online, would be fucking losing it laughing at the disgusting ogrehon giving trannies a bad name. I have never male failed, I get misgendered all the time by my closest friends because I look like a man. I am 191cm tall (6 foot 3 inches), shoe size is ~11 or 12 UK. I could probably do more measurements just to show you guys how fucked I am but despite being in this community for literally years I am too fucking depressed and dysfunctional to do them. My face is comically masculine, no soft angels, just thick fucking eyebrows I have no idea how to take care of, chad jawline, crimson chin, massive nose (thats what i get for not being from the west), all that shit. So keep that in mind, you're not "I can fix her"-ing a cute twinkhon future passoid, no, I'm a weirdly feminine and ultimately quite ugly moid.
2. I probably won't stop taking HRT ever. Because of how things work here I would have to DIY but that's fine. I trust internet trannies WAY more than I just dementia ridden old endocrinologist men anyway.

Omg she's just like me fr. I kind of did this back in February. I tried so very hard to get it to work, I gave it my everything. It didn't work out, so I decided to cut my hair and just forget about gender irl. I'm still on hrt and will be for life(nuts are yeeted so there's no going back). Due to my view of gender being extremely external, I can't delude myself in to thinking I am a woman. So right now I'm man/involuntary enbymoding. I'll get tranny surgeries and then reevaluate how I feel about girlmoding.

I hate that detrooning is so stigmatized among our community, they simply shut you down and want nothing to do with you, even if you're not a detrans grifter.

There are three types of trans people:
1. Those who pass
2. Those who don't pass but still genuinely see themselves as equally man/woman as everyone else
3. Those who don't pass and thus can't see themselves as their desired gender.

We're clearly group three, and it fucking sucks, because we have as much dysphoria as all other dysphorics (maybe even more compared to passoids idk) but no way of curing it other than paying a down payment on a house worth of surgeries, and even then many of us still can't pass fully. It's unfair, it's cruel, it shouldn't have to be like this, but it's reality.

If you decide to socially detroon then please don't see it as a setback, it's doing simply what you need to do to be comfortable in where you are right now. But also don't rush it, take your time and truly figure it out.

From one hon to another, I truly wish you the best of luck. Amen.

MOGS ME, GIWTWM, ETC. ETC.

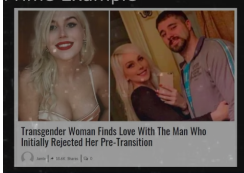
CTS

Classical Transexual
previously called"Homosexual Transexual"

Core Characteristics
* Naturally effeminate gay men who transition to escape homophobia
* Almost always pass
* Tend to be more common in 3rd world countries like Iran or Thailand
* Traditionally feminine interests and jobs
* Exclusively Androphilic

Stereotypes
* Makeup Artist, Hairdresser, Flight Attendant
* Now: Youtuber, eCeleb

Prime Example



NCTS

Non-Classical Transexual
previously called "Autogynephile, AGP"

Core Characteristics
* Nerdy late (18-25) transitioners
* Can be gay, straight, bi, or ace
* Very technically oriented, shy
* Usually pass after a few awkward years
* Intensely dysphoric, majority of boymoders

Stereotypes
* Catgirl programmer
* Synth music artists
* Can be very traditional, or leftist
* "Genderbent Kensuke"
* Very creative and artistic
* Traditional male interests like cars, guns, history, or computers

Prime Example

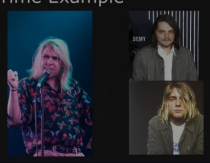
Repressor

NCTS / True AGP subvariant

Core Characteristics
* Intensely Dysphoric
* Usually raised in conservative environment
* Very shy, very creative
* Often struggles with substance abuse
* Often vicariously lives through female partners or even daughters

Stereotypes
* Alt-Musician
* Soldier or other hypermasculine jobs
* Usually not very sexual
* Extremely sensitive
* Outspoke LGBT ally, but don't claim to be in the community

Prime Example



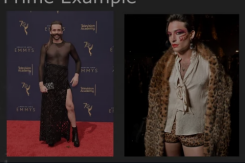
AMAB NB

Assigned male at birth Non-Binary

Core Characteristics
* Almost never dysphoric
* Almost always gynephilic
* Rarely medically transitions
* Transition is conscious choice, not intuitive need
* Exclusively leftist
* Also very creative and artistic

Stereotypes
* Tend to be from affluent or educated families
* Sometimes transition to deflect from sexual allegations
* Advanced model of "Softboy"

Prime Example



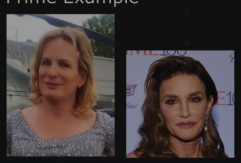
True AGP

Autogynephile

Core Characteristics
* Usually dysphoric
* Feminine sexual orientation, but not fetishist
* More common in older generations
* Usually well adjusted
* Contrast with MEF: True AGP legitimately values feminity and don't think it's embarassing to be a woman.

Stereotypes
* Puts in tons of effort to pass and usually does.
* Often late 25+ transitioners
* Usually gynephilic, but respectful
* Tend to be very conservative politcally
* Successful CEO

Prime Example



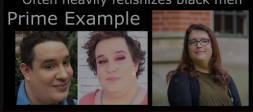
MEF

Masochistic Emasculation Fetishist

Core Characteristics
* Straight men with fetish
* Non-dysphoric, claims "gender euphoria"
* Believes being a woman is intrinsically humiliating
* Legitimately porn addicted
* "Sissy" boomers
* Intentionally conflates themselves with other types to exploit goodwill towards tranners
* In fact what TERFS think "AGP" is

Stereotypes
* Comes out as trans after being accused of being a sex pest
* Takes pre-eminent "advocacy" roles immediately after coming out; Claims to speak for all trans women
* Intentionally embarasses themselves to later masterbate to people's legitimate disgust of them
* Often heavily fetishizes black men

Prime Example



Know the difference. It could save your life!

NOT ACTUALLY TRANS!

Repping and its Consequences

Was Theodora Kaczynski a psyop?
It's fascinating to ponder.

RIP regardless.

Tabbas' viewpoint is one of the more radical held by transgendered people. We have included it because it is far from uncommon.

Politics and Diagnosis

by Tabbas

The political condition of transsexual people is distinguished by their need to appeal to one person in order to be physically changed by another. And while often, several people are involved at each step, almost never is the person approving of giving treatment to a transsexual person. This level of alienation from self-identification and self-actualization, on top of the discrimination we face, certainly makes transsexual people one of the most oppressed minority groups in the world today.

Liberation of transsexual people pivots on the question of self-diagnosis. To be transsexual, a person must have reached a decision. And while there is some marginal control, in no way is this a free choice. It's like birth (rebirth). Or, like Sylvia Plath in The Bell Jar, you can see it coming, accelerating to the point of crisis. You can deal with it, or it will deal with you.

As the penalty for transsexualism is high, too often prospective transsexual people will approach their first interview in a crisis or near-crisis situation. And they expect the service provider to recognize their problem, understand their level of need, and begin treatment. More than likely, what they receive is their first taste of politics.

Service providers, who are accustomed to dealing with the crazy and noncompetent, are horrified by a sane, articulate individual who challenges their accepted relationship between (biological) sex and (social) gender. And where passion might ordinarily be taken as a measure of commitment, a transsexual man or woman who insists on treatment generally intensifies the provider's sense of horror.

The prize in this fight between the transsexual person and the service providers is the locus of control: who establishes the criteria by which one is called transsexual; who qualifies for surgery. The fight works for personal satisfaction for service providers, who realize that locus of control is a prime index of (political) maturity. This is a matter of pride. Locus of control is a vital concern. Let's take some examples.

For years, especially during the sixties and seventies, providers screened transsexual people according to how they compared to the so-called "classic case." Apologists for this view held that sexual identity was clearly established between the ages of three and five. Therefore, if a client did not cross-dress and completely identify cross-gender by age five, the client was not transsexual. Tell someone the truth, and, baby, you were gone. It didn't matter if you grew up in a hostile environment and were resourceful enough to deflect your crisis into puberty, or even beyond. Theory said you weren't conflicted.

Today, the principal shibboleth used to separate transsexual people from crossdressers is whether one has masturbated while cross-dressed. Say yes, and you can kiss your surgery goodbye. And don't expect anybody to ask what you were thinking about while you were masturbating (like how will it be when this same tissue is turned around), or suggest that maybe, just maybe, sexual stress also has a biological component.

The clown theory of competence teaches that if bozos like those above can diagnose transsexualism, then damn sure I can. Learn to lie first, and take care of business. But the day is at hand when the analysands shall analyze the analyzers. And payback is hell. ⚥

/HRTGen/

Male to Female Guide

Quickguide v2.0 (2022)

To all those
genetic psychiatrists & their kind
who insist on keeping control over our lives,
who continue to maim us
physically,
emotionally,
socially &
psychically,
in the names of their gender hating theories
stained with our blood

i just want to say no you can't

All psychologists are evil

It's so obnoxious that almost none of the people you have to go to for hrt know what they're doing

Ive been diypilled. im 3 months on hrt and my planned parenthood doesnt want to give me a t blocker yet, not even spiro, and said no to injections because theyre "unstable"

Being a spectator in your own life sounds miserable so I said fuck the doctors and started diy then got a diagnosis while diying and now get state funded hrt

Best of both worlds, didn't waste any time etc

the vast majority of doctors are so incompetent when it comes to tranny care it borders on malice. i hate doctors so much

the average tran on this shithole [reddit] is a white, middle aged, costal american tech bro before trooning. they don't get it because they can't get it, the system has always worked for them.

i try not to be jaded about it but its hard. i wish i had their honfidence though

I know this has been asked before and thoroughly discussed, but the dogwater jannies on the eff tee em sub would rather curb stomp a newborn puppy than to let people even breathe the slightest utterance that is in any way, shape, or form related to DIY.

There's a lot of propaganda about diy on afab dominated trans communities. I bought into it 100% until I found 4tran because everyone on tumblr back in the day told me diy will basically kill you. It genuinely has to be a psyop or something. I wish I had known that diy is fine if you just learn to do it safely

Holy shit this "DIY bad" psyop in ftm subreddit is fucking real I quit that place long ago and still legit forgot that there's the option that doesn't involve long waiting or a lot of money. Fucking pooners. The state of mind. Brainwashed.

diy is based looking like your birth gender because you trust drs to have your best interests at heart is stupid.

Had my first T shot and i never felt this alive, i'm glad i didn't 41 before giving DIY a try

The anti-DIY crowd seem to have the most honfidence too. I think they just have faith in the 'system' or something like that.

Always lie to doctors and psychologists. They are all evil con artists who can't be trusted

I set my own dose and my endo just orders the blood work lol before that they were hondosing me and just okay with me living miserable without any hormones

Why are mainstream trannies so lame, "noooo you can't DIY you need a heccin doctor-no to tell you what to doooo"

tranny health is not rocket science, why are they all so scared of doing literally anything

"be gay do crime" anti-establishment mfs when someone suggests doing literally lifesaving hormone therapy outside of the establishment: "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO YOU ARE COMMITTING A CRIME !!! THE ESTABLISHMENT HAS TO MONITOR YOU!!!!!! JUST BE NORMAL UNTIL YOU CAN GET HONDOSED LEGALLY!!!!" like fuck, do you trust the system or not

protip never ever tell drs the truth.

imagine wanting to rely on the system that actively tries to genocide you lmao

"DIY is dangerous, you need to trust the doctors"

Meanwhile the average endo: 1mg oestrogen (oral pills), 900mg spiro

Today I picked up syringes and needles from my mother whose a vet and my EEn should come in a few days.

Fuck my therapist he's a lying piece of shit. PSA: even if your therapist tells you „soon" just go diy

Rest In Peace my dearest friend

I'm posting in this sub because it's the closest thing i have to a "normal" family.

Today my lovebird, my best friend of 15 years and the being i loved the most on this planet, passed away peacefully in his sleep.

My parakeet is now calling him to come back to the birdcage and it's breaking my heart.

Taking care of him was the only thing that kept me alive all these years and now that he's gone i doubt that i'm going to make it through this without roping.

I wish i wasn't a moid so i could cry properly instead of being an emotionless flesh automaton.

Rest In Peace my dearest friend

I'm so sorry :(, may he rest in peace. I wish nothing but peace, happiness and love for you and your parakeet.

Theyfab friend blocked me out of nowhere.

Theyfab friend blocked me out of nowhere, and when I asked other people why, she just told them she didn't feel comfortable talking to me and yeah...then she got her boyfriend, one of my best friends, to block me too.

She also did this thing that really pissed me off once, where someone made an edgy joke about Arab women growing hair at me, and I felt really offended, and so I vented to her about how I found it racist and also triggered my dysphoria, and she was like "how does it trigger dysphoria? Cis women grow hair too?"

That's so fucked. Just wanted to say I'm sorry, you don't deserve this and that person sounds like a callous bitch.

Thank you. Im doing better now

I GENIUENLY didn't want to feed into the whole anti- theyfab hate that's on here, but it's just incredibly hard when you keep seeing this pattern of behavior.

I don't even wanna be bitter or angry I'm just sad that it's so hard to find friends when it feels all cis men are massive transphobes and all cis women are crypto terfs

By virtue of being nondysphoric, theyfabs time and time again prove themselves to be shit allies in not even trying to understand why a trans woman might be upset by secondary sexual characteristics that "women have too"(seldom to the same degree)

"Twink death,"

or as i like to call it: i was born without consent and forced to rot in a male flesh tomb that naturally poisons itself.

Why are they so scared of the term twink death? It's not a fucking slur or anything. Why is acknowledging the fact that they will age as a man so taboo to them.

same reason people cling to beliefs about mystical afterlives. it's too painful to acknowledge the truth that they are absolutely helpless to save themselves from

Not if they become castrati

i feel like a lot of people use "twink death" to imply (or outright state) that having twink death ends their value as an archetype, and therefore completely. to me that's not what it means but i get why the term would elicite a negative reaction.

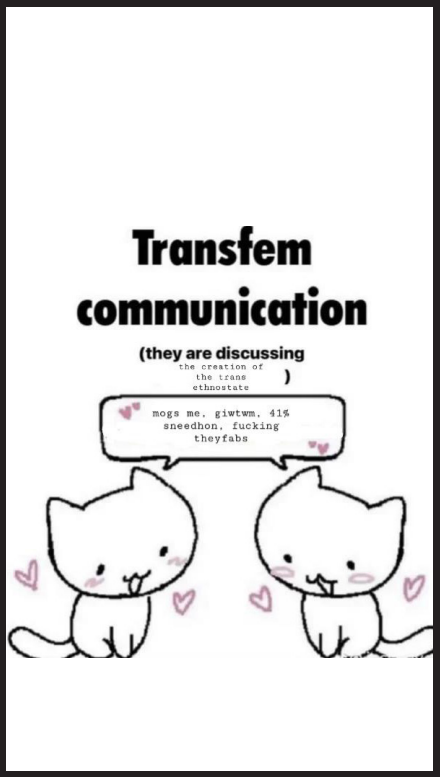
you will never be a real metal

You will never be a real metal. You have no unpaired electrons, you have no inherent magnetism, you have no solid state at room temperature. You are a noble gas twisted by drugs and surgery into a crude mockery of nature's perfection. All the "validation" you get is two-faced and half-hearted. Behind your back other elements mock you. Halogens are disgusted and ashamed of you. Lathanides are utterly repulsed by your. Thousands of years of chemistry have allowed scientists to sniff out frauds with incredible efficiency. Even post-transition metals who "pass" look uncanny and unnatural to a chemist.

Your electron structure is a dead giveaway. And even if you manage to get a drunk molecule home with you, he'll turn tail and bolt the second he gets a whiff of your inert, non-reactive electron shell. You will never be happy. You wrench out a fake smile every single morning and tell yourself it's going to be okay, but deep inside you feel the depression creeping up like a weed, ready to crush you under the unbearable weight. Eventually it'll be too much to bear- you'll buy a particle accelerator, bombard yourself with lithium ions, and plunge into the cold abyss.

The chemists will find you, heartbroken but relieved that they no longer have to live with the unbearable shame and disappointment. They'll bury you in the farther right column of the periodic table marked with your number of valence electrons, and every passerby for the rest of eternity will know a noble gas is buried there. Your body will decay and recombine with other elements, and all that will remain of your legacy is an inert gas that is very clearly noble.

“Tuscum annon, are the meanie Theyfabs in the room with us right now?”



I respect the hell out of enbies but if you don’t undergo some level of TRANSition you’re not TRANS imo, but still queer. A good amount of enbies do transition in some way and I see them as trans no question, but a lot don’t and they tend to be extremely vocal. It’s very frustrating when people whose experiences are entirely separate to mine try to speak for me, it’s almost like if a cis gay guy spoke for trans people. Yes there is queerness that has an overlap, but my experience is radically different than theirs and it’s really upsetting when the tiny scraps of representation we get are co-opted from people who’s lived experiences are entirely cis.

Honestly I feel like there are decent odds that a random binary trans woman has radically different experiences from me, and I don’t know how comfortable I’d be with a random person speaking for me even if we theoretically are the same gender. In general it feels like a good idea not to take communal labels too seriously and just accept that there are lots of different people who could be described as transgender, and we can help each other out even if we don’t have much in common.

HRT tomboy meets boymoder

I went to a party last night and met a boymoder there. We were asked our pronouns since there were a lot of queer types there and she said "he/him" like I'd actually believe that with her looking like she does. She told me she didn't expect me to use she/her and I don't know what to make of that.

After we smoked weed I took her out to my car to listen to music. I wanted to come on to her, but I didn't know if she was interested in me and didn't want to make her uncomfortable.

At the end of the night I was really drunk and I whispered in her ear that she seemed like she'd be a woman in five years. She told me she's been on estrogen for six months and hasn't told anyone but her roommate. I was going to tell her I've been low dosing T for three months but the host interrupted me and her Uber arrived and she went home.
She's beautiful. I don't know why she's boymoding when she was the prettiest girl there. We texted some today and she sent me her Spotify playlist, so I think we'll become friends if nothing else. I like her a lot. I'm up late because I can't stop thinking about her.

Doubt she'll be interested in a poondosing trans man with a lot of internalized transphobia, but I'll keep talking to her and see where it goes. T has made my desire for a girlfriend shoot up by a thousand but I'm going to be patient.

Also imagine if she was a cis man and I'd whispered that in her ear. That would've been funny as hell.

if i was a chaser

i would pull insane numbers of trannies

it's literally so fucking easy. the object of a chaser's desire is the most desperate group imaginable but they still manage to fumble bc there's a 90% chance they're a pornbrained idiot.

what they should say: "i think you're beautiful. you being trans is one small part of why i want to be with you. i want you to do what makes you happy - don't ever think of holding back on your transition for anyone." = marry me

what they actually say: "did i mention im bisexual? best of both worlds amirite? hahaha will you top me btw?" = i want to push you feet first into a woodchipper

about hrt

I have seen what must have been thousands of timelines at this point and can sort transitioning mtfs into 3 categories:

1. Gigaluckshits who already look like women pre-hrt
2. Luckshits who get drastic changes in the first 6 months of hrt
3. Unfortunateshits who barely feminise at all no matter how long they've been on hrt

I don't recall seeing a single person who got a slow start but gradually got better after one or 2+ years of hrt. You either get lucky and E starts working pretty quickly or you're doomed. Now don't get me wrong, it's sad I've got no changes in 8,5mo but it's not like I'm detransing. I'm not that stupid and testosterone is icky. But I'm also ngmi :pensive:

THE WRITER (SHE/HER) IS A TRANS WOMAN AND LEBANESE-CANADIAN WHO ALSO IDENTIFIES AS QUEER. HER WORK IS ABOUT

Repper Dad

I'm just like 75% sure my dad was a repper his entire shitty life.

Born the late 50's in fucking Oklahoma. Used to get the shit beat out of him just for being left handed. When he was in his 20s he just wanted to live on a boat and vibe. Then something broke his fucking brain and he became the most republican piece of shit ever. Becomes a lawyer, becomes hardcore religious, alcoholic, workaholic etc. Was super controlling of every move I made growing up and made sure to "correct" any gnc in the bud the moment he saw it. Constantly would ask me when I was growing up when I would start hating being a man (he claimed he thought liberal indoctrination would make it happen or something lmfao). Never really had any friends just kept getting married (3 divorces, 4 marriages skull emoji).

He got really sick out of nowhere and died 3 or 4 months later. On his death bed was the first time I saw him cry. He said he had regrets. I asked him what they were and he lied and said something about unfinished paperwork. IDK maybe it was some other weird stuff? When I told my mom that it looks like being a troon is genetic she mentioned she sometimes got "weird vibes from him" , but my mom is batshit bless her soul so who knows.

Oh also I remember being convinced as a kid he had to have had a 2nd family or was in the CIA or something. It just always seemed to kid me like he wasn't actually a full person and was more playing a character that was my dad.

That might just be shitty parent coping though

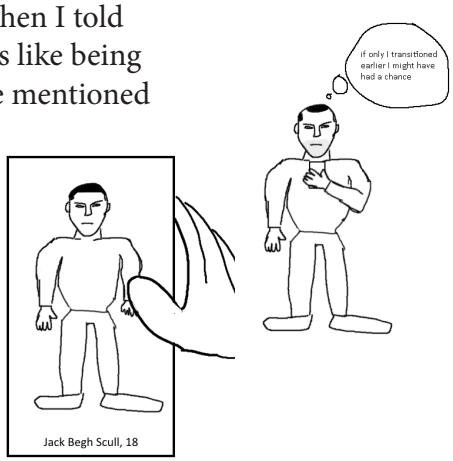
Dad might be a chaser

Idk how it got there but dad tried to tell a joke about always being disappointed when his friends would invite him to a strip club
Since he's a "sick man" and would ask for "chicks with dicks" but they always told him they didn't have any

He tends to say unhinged shit for laughs but still idk what to think of this

> it seems like with dads its always a game of 'is he a chaser or a repper?'

I'm starting to think he might be both



Penises

I might sound like a terftard, but current techniques for (ftm) SRS are not enough.

The thing is, I'm so delusional that I don't just need to get rid of my vaginal canal, my uterus/ovaries and make my external genitals to look similar to a penis; I need to replace my reproductive system with the male one.

Phalloplasty, even when fully healed and post medical tattooing, is always stiff. It doesn't erect nor shrink, first give away that you're a mentally ill tran. Metoidioplasty can shrink, erect and it even has foreskin, but the average size and girth (size: 5,7 cm; girth: 1,6 cm) looks smaller than a micropenis (size: 5,7 cm; girth: 6,8 cm). I'm already a failed male, I don't need to double the bet.

I really hope that in 10 years technology had progressed to the point where they can use homologous cells of the organs to create the opposite sex counterpart.

Anyways, I didn't want to post this in a mainstream or public sub cause I know the phallo lovers would say I have "internalized transphobia" for wanting to be an actual male instead of a heccin valid transman.

The future of these subreddits

(4tran and its subisdarities)

I have been around these subs for a while now and i think were coming to a head.

PLEASE READ EVERYTHING THIS SERIOUSLY NEEDS TO BE SAID REGARDLESS OF YOUR BELIEFS OF WHAT THESE SUBS STAND FOR:

Theres a few dedicated posters over the past 1 year that have polarized the relativly tame content that the majority of posters post. I am deeply concerned for the mental wellbeing of your average 4tran user due to the vast and valger amount of transphobia this community has expressed. I personally think that any of those who are spreading this extreme amounts of hateful content should be held responsible. I am noticing people on here loosing sense of self, purpous and becoming hatful and spiteful to others due to a number of issues i will address.

1 GROTESK CHARATURES OF FTM AND MTF BODIES AND PERSONS:

there are an alarming amount of exceptionally inapproiate pictures depicting trans women and men in ugly grotesk manners that are so detached from reality that one cannot help but question what this does to the people who visit here. Its so blatantly against progression and sets back those who are trans who are the representation of who we are. I have noticed this sub has both the smartest and most intellegent trans people i have had the privliage of meeting and has the foundations to do actual good as so many people here are under 25 and are just beginning their lives. We need to hold ourselves to keeping things from getting out of hand.

2 DOOMPOSTING

While i understand dread and feelings of deep emotional instability, some of it is about doing signifanct harm to ones self and openly emploring suicide as a Immediate solution to a issue that should be addressed and not met by irrationnal action. These posts affect the mental wellbeing of others and when people here unamously denounce being trans and ensuring those on these subs knows that being trans is a disgusting act, you start pulling people down with you. People on these subs have expirence being trans but should not have to be the ones to take on the emotional stress of post after post of people who are openly saying how they should be ashamed of being trans even if that isnt the aformentioned meaning from the post. Suicide is a serious issue and should be dealt with close friends, therapist, and other supportive parties. It shpuld not be a constant talking point to where it becomes fetish.

3 BONEPILL

This one is beyond my comprhension. The constant obsession by some people to point out every tiny imperfection visible and nonsensical (bones). Most people i have seen on here, out of all of them about 80% after 1 year are passing and about 55% from 6- 10 months hrt. But somehow alot of these same people will litterally be so delusional about their own apperence they will litterally start talking about how their bones are “fucked” and they transioned too late when most people on here (based on my previous poll) are under 22 ~87% from polled induviduals. I dont know if people do it for attention but alot of these people are some of the most polarizing induviduals because of their inablity to grasp basic reality.

CLOSING REMARKS:

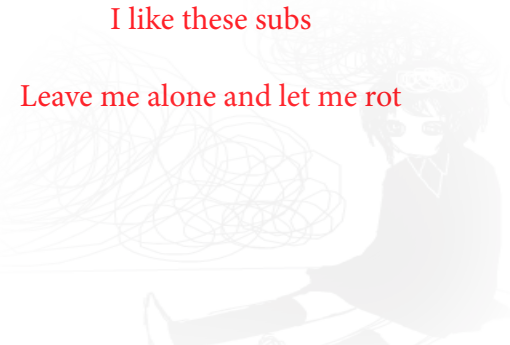
Listen, i understand that 4tran and the other subs have a purpous and do help people feel connected and not like their transitioning alone. I fully respect what 4tran does with greentexts and general content the other subs provide. My take home message from this is just calm down a bit, most posts are fine but some cross a werid territory of somehow being more transphobic than actual terfs that are so frequently mentioned on our board. See professional help if you are feeling sucidal or hopless, talk to us, talk to your support group anyone just dont keep posting constantly about it if your doing nothing to fix the issue.

I hate my body

I hate my life

I like these subs

Leave me alone and let me rot



hey tranners its me :3

sorry i didnt get to do anything cool been too depressed but congrats everyone!! im so happy you all made it here :D take a second today to thank your friends you met here for being your friends

enjoy your day trannies!

If only i had friends to thank :(. Congrats on the 1 year of the sub somehow not being banned though :D

NGL

NGL one of the most surreal conversations I've had was when I asked my phobic as hell dad not to talk about "men in dresses" in front of me and he ended up going on some tangent about how this rant didn't apply to me because the "guy" he was talking about didn't even try to look like a woman.

Basically he said that the "guy" didn't even try to look like a woman while I do.

And he has never gendered me right, not even once. Like fr ugh, ur rlly gonna say I'm a totally different category of tran and then still not gender me right?

(Also NGL this is a perfect example of why theyfab/theymab hate is dumb, they'll hate us anyway regardless)

Based zun not a theyfab hater

your dad understands Blanchard's dichotomy on an intuitive level, congratulations

>amab non-binary people don't exist

They are literally the majority of trans people I know irl. I think they get shit on less than theyfabs because estrogen turns you into an androgynous elf creature and requires a bunch of upkeep to get to a place of consistently passing whereas testosterone turns people into hairy man beasts within about 6 months so AMAB NBs are more likely to pursue medical transition and be lumped in with binary trans women.

Made my theyfab gf cry because of 4tran

TLDR at the bottom lmao

It's been a few weeks, but I still feel so bad about it. My gf has been my best friend for years, and we're together since almost 2 years. It's going amazing and I can't imagine a better partner for me. While we had disagreements, we never ever fought. We started dating before I transitionned and they've been my #1 supporter. I know we love shitting on theyfabs, but man, this one is a true ally who defends me when I'm not there, who never misgendered me and who never outed me.

They're also the only person I told about 4tran. I told them about the basic terminology and send them memes and greentext sometimes. I thought it was all just good fun, I do have a lot of brainworms but I thought I came across as light-hearted about it to them.

One day we were chilling in my room, and I was browsing the circle jerk, showing them posts I found funny. At first they were laughing, probably faking it, but I'm very bad at reading emotions in addition to being very dumb. Even then, I noticed they were getting sad, so I asked what was wrong and if they wanted a hug. They just turned away from me, which never happened before, and I heard them start to sniffle.

I started to panic, because being a dumbass I don't know how to react to other people having emotions lmao. I asked if they wanted to talk about it, and that's when they told me that they were worried about me hanging out on 4chan and that it seems that I'm getting worse and worse. They told me they felt like these places just made my mental health worse, and that they worry it's hindering my happiness and making my dysphoria even worse.

I told them that I felt the opposite, that it just felt like I had a place to express my more negative emotions with people who feel the same way, but I promised I would talk less about it and be careful when approaching it with them. I stopped sending 4tran memes unless they're at least 90% wholesome, and I only use the lingo as a joke.

I still feel so fucking bad, man. I love them so much and I made them cry with my brainworms. The subject is closed now, and I've kept my promises and all is good. It just makes me feel like shit. I know it's all my bad, but I try my best to be better.

TLDR: My gf cried because she was so worried about my brainworms, I promised to keep most 4tran content away from them, and I feel like shit about it.

1 year of hrt tonight

may 1st at midnight. it's been a wild year for me, a lot of things happening and changing.

i feel like i've only really been living for the last year, everything else felt like drifting.

i'm really really glad i found 4tran. if i hadn't, i'd still be repressing, wandering aimlessly through life.

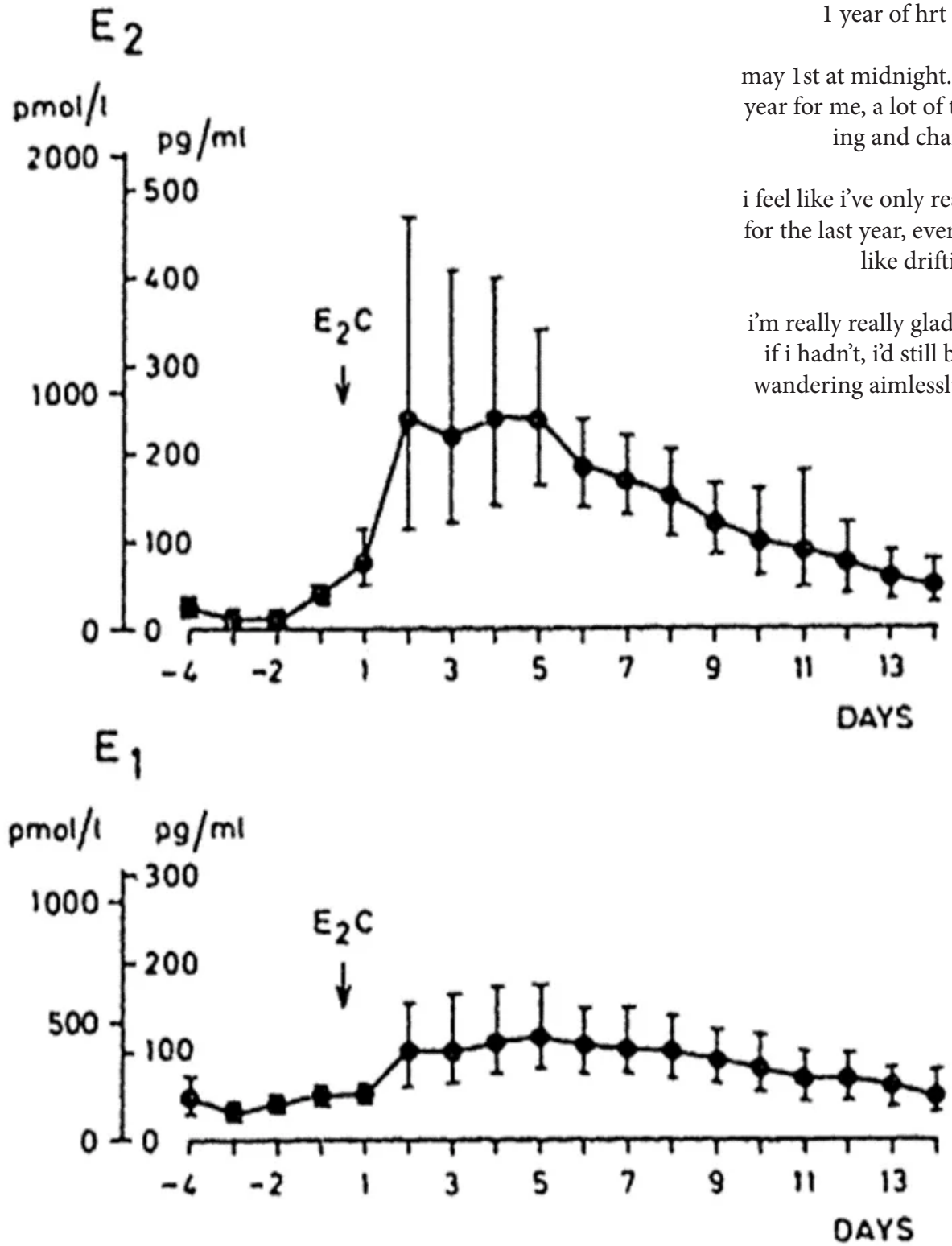
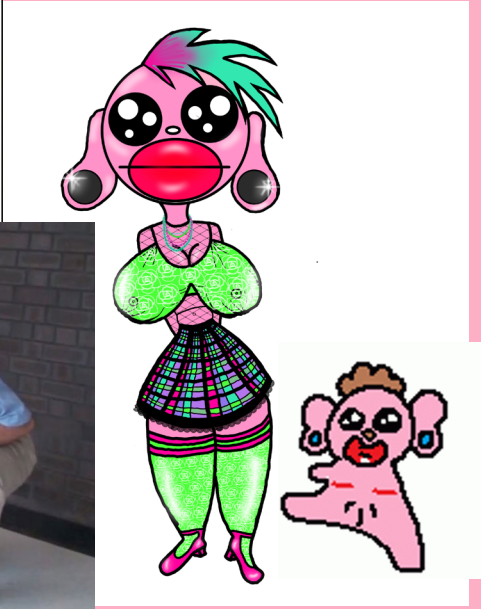


Figure 1: Plasma levels of estradiol (E_2) and estrone (E_1) in 10 subjects before and after the intramuscular administration of 5.0 mg of estradiol cypionate (E_2C) in arachis oil. Geometric mean values and 95 % confidence limits.

I decided to come back because I searched myself up and the first thing I saw was this abd I realized 4tranners are the only people in the world who give a shit about my miserable existence

Hello again my fellow troons and poons, while I was gone I had a great time and had to be admitted to the ER because I did too much meth (i basically had a seizure or some shit and my ekg said i had a heart attack at an undetermined time in my life, some kind of infarction idk im hoping it was an innacurate reading because im pretty sure the life expectancy for that is ridiculously short). I also am getting promoted to manager at my job. Oh and I almost got murdered by some guy in a car following me around at night and I hid in someone's yard to get away from them but the people in the house thought I was going to rob them so they called the cops on me and I had to escape 5 cop cars and a stalker.

Genuinely missed you hatman, scary to hear all that ER shit and other stuff but it's good you're still alive. Congrats on the future promotion!



Dood sushi

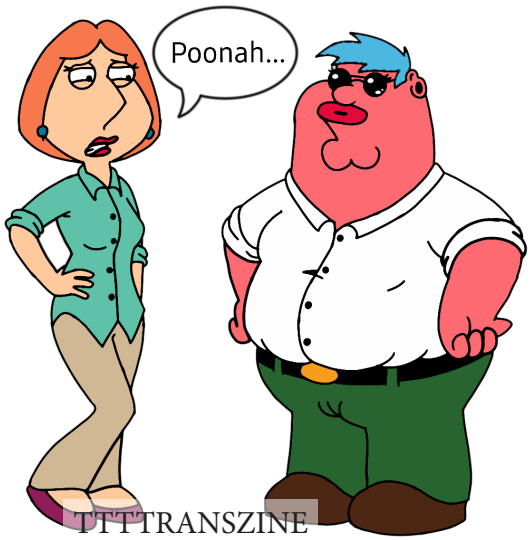
Pooner art isn't even about being transphobic at this point, I literally just love watching that pink character go on wacky adventures like a fucking Saturday morning cartoon or something LMFAO

Dark Natalie
@ContraPoints
gender dysphoria is real :)
11:09 PM · 3/20/23 · 52.5K Views
156 Retweets 41 Quotes
1,889 Likes 31 Bookmarks
aupercat @aupercat · 23m
Don't delete queen
59

ESTROGEN IS A POISONUS NEUROTOXIN

ESTROGEN IS A POISONUS NEUROTOXIN AND I'M TIRED OF THE WORLD TRYING TO GASLIGHT EVERYONE INTO BELIEVING OTHERWISE!!!!

ESTROGEN IS A POISONUS NEUROTOXIN. WHY ARE YOU MTFS DOING THIS TO YOURSELVES?
ESTROGEN RUINED MY LIFE. FEMALE GYNOID FAT DISTRIBUTION RUINED MY LIFE. HAVING A TINY WEAK FEMALE SKELETAL STRUCTURE RUINED MY LIFE ESPECIALLY. GROWING BREASTS IS HELL, GROWING HIPS IS MISERY, BEING A MIDGET IS MISERY, HAVING TINY FOREARMS, AND TINY ARMS, AND TINY WRISTS, AND TINY HANDS, AND TINY SHOULDERS, HAVING A DISGUSTING POONER VOICE IS HELL (DESPITE VOICE TRAINING FOR AGES) AND A TINY CHIN, AND NO JAW, AND A TINY RIBCAGE, MY FEMALE JOINTS CONNECTING IN AN INFERIOR AND AWKWARD WAY, BEING EXTREMELY WEAK, AND A POONER FACE, POONER KNEE TO HIP RATIO, POONER WAIST IS HELL, AND HAVING A GAPING FUCKING HOLE BETWEEN MY LEGS INSTEAD OF A DICK IS THE MOST HELL OF IT ALL!! EVERYTHING, AND I MEAN ABSOLUTELY FUCKING EVERYTHING ABOUT THE FEMALE BODY IS INFERIOR, UNAESTHETIC, POINTLESS, AND AWKWARD (aside from having babies, which is only done 1-3 times typically in an AFAB's lifetime, meanwhile amabs get strength that is useful for one's entire lifetime)
WALKING IS AWKWARD BECAUSE I HAVE TO FEEL MY HIPS SWAY FEMALE-LIKE, RUNNING IS AWKWARD BECAUSE I HAVE TO FEEL MY CHEST BOUNCE, EVEN FIND A COMFORTABLE POSITION TO SLEEP IS AWKWARD BECAUSE OF IT AS WELL!
FEMALE HORMONE CYCLE IS DRIVING ME INSANE. EVERY 2 WEEKS MY DYSPHORIA IS A TOLERABLE KIND OF SEVERE, BUT THE OTHER TWO WEEKS I LOSE MY FUCKING MIND FROM DYSPHORIA.
I HAVE TO SUFFER FROM HAVING ESTROGEN AS MY PRIMARY HORMONE FOR THE NEXT 1-4 YEARS BECAUSE I CAN'T GET TESTOSTERONE BECAUSE OF FAMILY AND MY WORK.



THE EXISTENCE OF ESTROGEN IS PROOF THAT THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A LOVING GOD IF THERE IS ONE AT ALL, THE FACT THAT ESTROGEN IS MY NATURAL HORMONE IS PROOF THAT THE UNIVERSE ONLY PUT ME INTO THIS WORLD JUST FOR SHITS AND GIGGLES. THEY THINK IT'S SO FUCKING FUNNY THAT I HAVE TO SUFFER TO THIS DEGREE. IT'S NOT FUCKING FAIR!!!!!! I HATE ESTROGEN ESTROGEN IS POISON IN THE TRUEST SENSE IN THE WORD, AND SOCIETY JUST SEEMS TO ACCEPT THIS WITHOUT MENTION??? ESTROGEN IS THE DEVIL!! EVERYONE (my parents) THAT KNOWS IM A POONER TRIES TO FUCKING GASLIGHT ME INTO THINKING THAT ESTROGEN IS NOT THE WORK OF THE DEVIL BY SAYING SHIT LIKE "you just need to accept yourself :D " or "your body is just a vessel to finish your given purpose in the material realm before passing into the spiritual realm" or "you just need to eat less bread" or "it's just a social contagion, it's just a government psyop to destabilize society" AND OF OTHER BULLSHIT, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO FALL FOR THAT RETARDED SHIT!! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME BECAUSE I KNOW THE TRUTH. ESTROGEN IS THE INFERIOR POISONOUS HORMONE, WHILE TESTOSTERONE IS THE SUPERIOR HORMONE IN ALMOST EVERY WAY. WITH TESTOSTERONE I'LL BE ABLE TO THINK CLEARLY. I WONT HAVE TO HAVE MY BRIAN CONSTANTLY FLIP FLOP FROM HIGH FUNCTIONING DYSPHORIA TO INSANE DYSPHORIA.

TESTOSTERONE SHOULD BE MANDATORY FOR ALL AFABS, NOT JUST POONERS. A WORLD WHERE THAT ISN'T THE CASE IS ONE OUT OF WACK!!! BUT THE ELITES WANTS LITERALLY HALF THE POPULATION TO BE POISONED WITH A FUCKING NEUROTOXIN RATHER THAN ZERO OF THE POPULATION. (not a surprise that DIY testosterone is illegal in most places, while estrogen isnt)

WHY WOULD ANY OF YOU TRANS WOMEN WILLINGLY POISON YOURSELF WITH ESTROGEN? IT'S RETARDED BEYOND BELIEF. I HAVE MORE UNDERSTANDING FOR THOSE WHO DO COKE, BUT ESTROGEN?? YOU IMBECILES. YOURE DESTROYING YOURE PERFECT BODIES WITH SATAN'S MOST EVIL INVENTION. WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU???

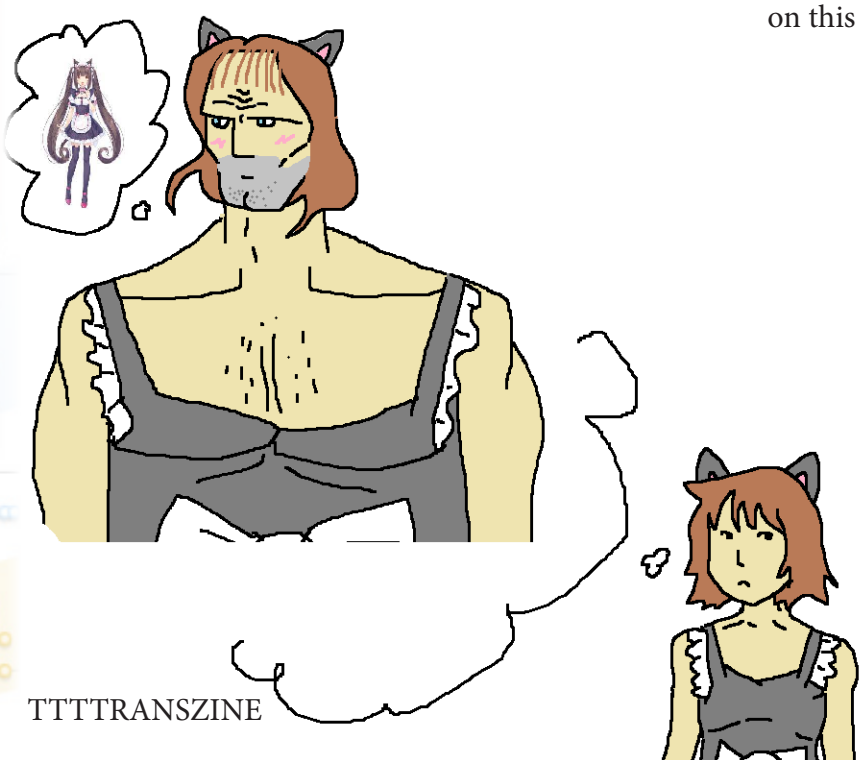
T. PRE-TESTOSTERONE POONER SLOWLY ON THE VERGE OF INSANITY!!!!

now i understand how irritating it is for ftm's to listen to mtf's call T poison lol

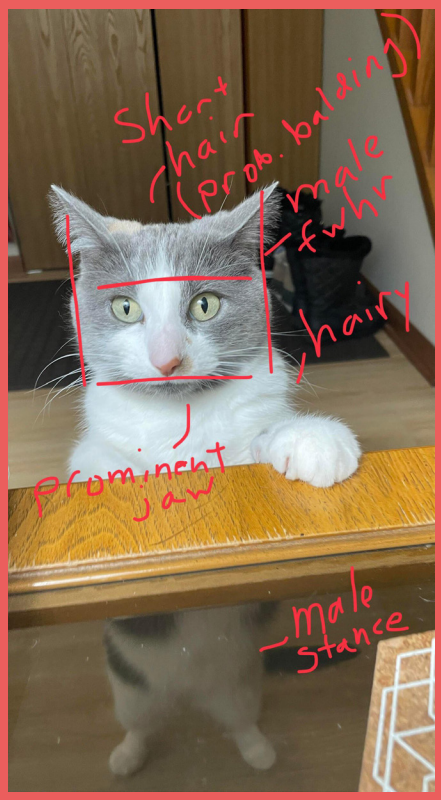
Fr can you guys shut the fuck up about it lmao

IT'S OVER!
temporal width
philtrum length
STOP DOING
GENDER DIMORPHYIC MEASUREMENTS
NUMBERS WERE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE USED TO TORTURE URSELF
YEARS OF MEASURING yet NO REAL-WORLD USE FOUND for going higher than 4
Wanted to measure anyway for a laugh? We had a tool for that: It was called "SPH"
"Yes please give me dysphoria . Please give me a reason to wallow - Statements dreamed up by the utterly Deranged
LOOK at what copers have been demanding your Respect for all this time, with all the measuring tapes and databases we built for them
(This is REAL autism, done by REAL brainworms):
?????
??????
??????????????
"Hello I would like apples please"
They have played us for absolute fools

We all know why this page's here.
I wont be mean and put anyone's post on this one.



is it over for my cat ??? is she a cathon ???



Your cat needs Facial Felinization Surgery, electrolysis and Lefort.
edit: orchi too

that's gonna be a lot of money i'm sorry milkshake i don't think we can afford this yet

Well, you should try bangs in the meantime.

yes good idea !!!

FEMBOYS!?!?

boy "search" goals:

- femboy
- cute!!!
- no bodyhair
- or facial hair
- cool n smart
- no drugs >:(
- 18 to like 24
- lil autistic?

+ near canberrra!

ABOUT US: GIRLS

(there's 3 of us actually)

- polyfidelitous
- bit bi, lil gay
- lil cis, bit trans
- good at posters
- email us please!!!!!

TORRIDTRIAD@PROTONMAIL.COM
TORRIDTRIAD@PROTONMAIL.COM
TORRIDTRIAD@PROTONMAIL.COM

WE'RE GIRLS

;;

+music.

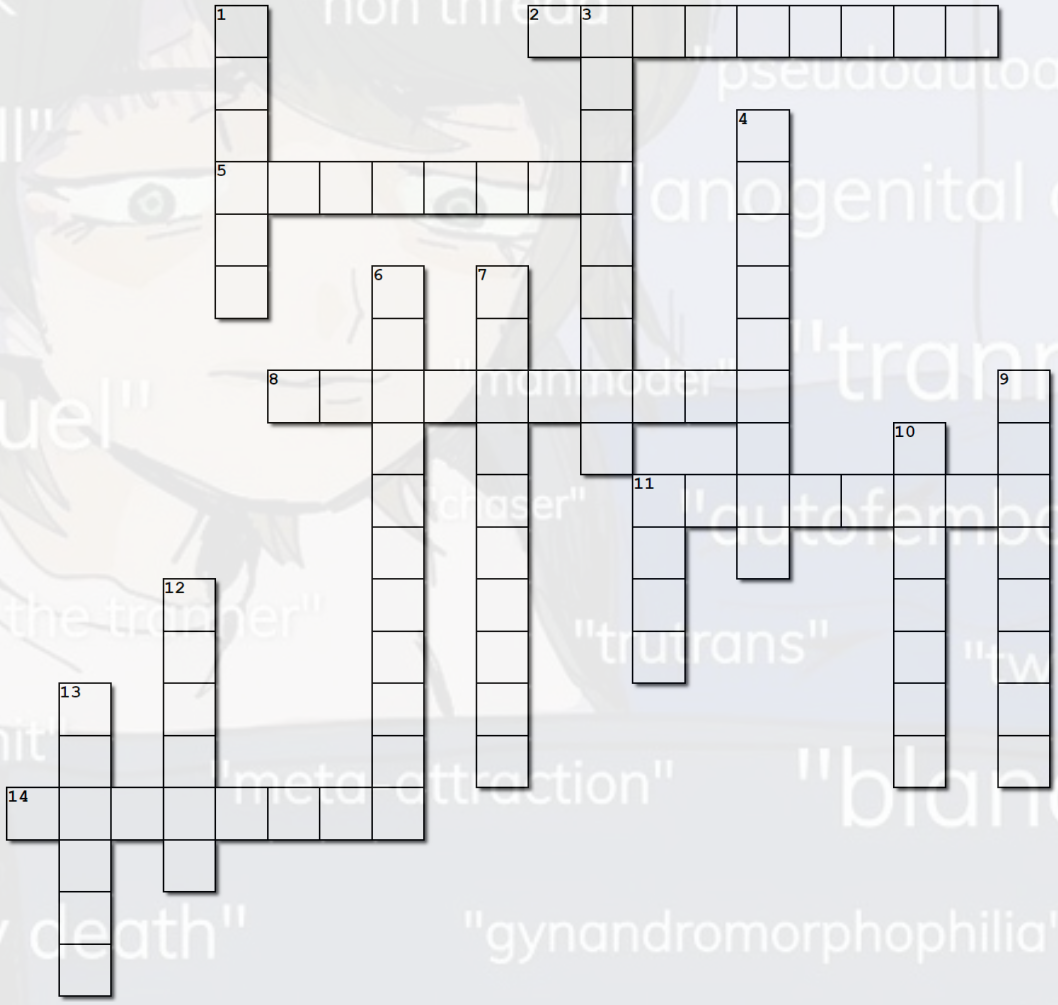
help me please

no joke

your lungs fill up, a mouth-full of car fumes. probably have no way to get through. market insists and rises the price. and you are in fear, seeing every single lie

Name:_____

Complete the crossword puzzle below

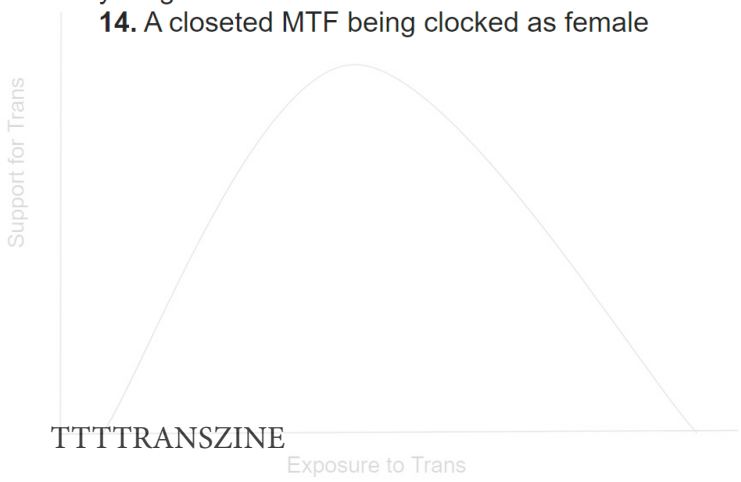


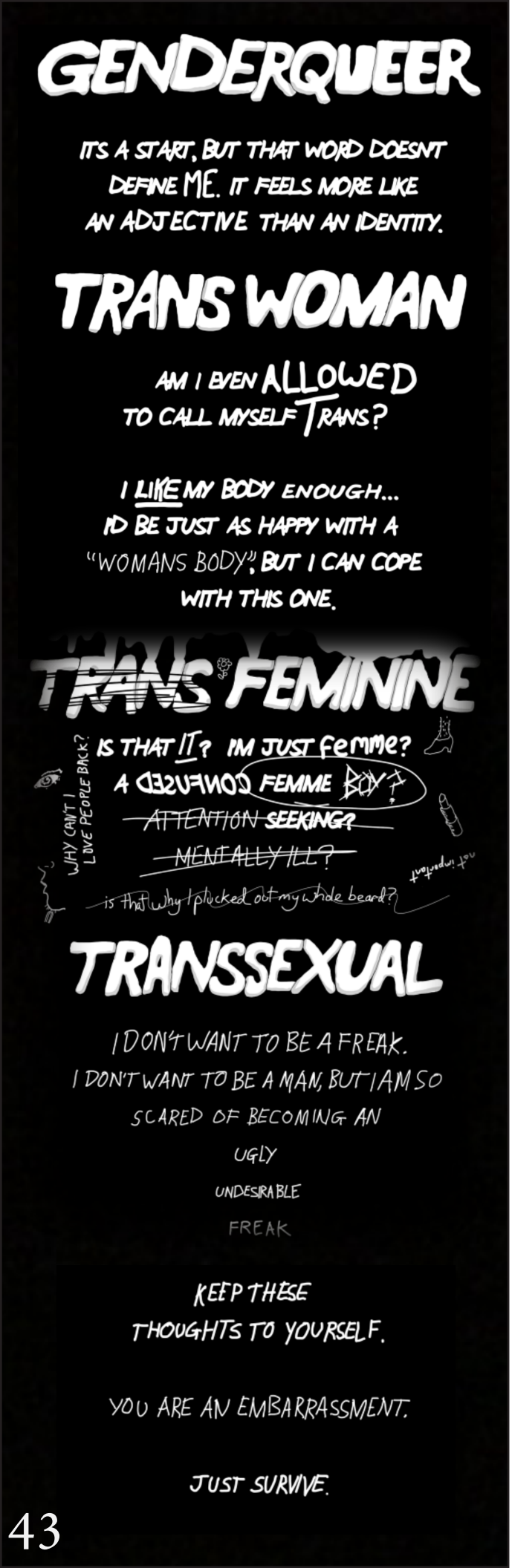
Across

2. A transgender lesbian
5. A young trans women who presents male.
8. Infectious and harmful ideas
11. A trans woman that appears to be an effeminate young male
14. A closeted MTF being clocked as female

Down

1. A proclamation of despair
3. A gender-dysphoric individual who actively refuses to transition
4. A trans person who starts hormone medication before or early into puberty
6. A person who medically transitions
7. A self-assuredness of non-passing trans women
9. The belief that skeletal structure immutably dictates the acceptability of gendered presentation.
10. A non-binary person who's transition consists solely of changing their pronouns from she to they
11. 4chan's lgbt board
12. A diminutive term for trans men
13. A person who fetishizes other's transness



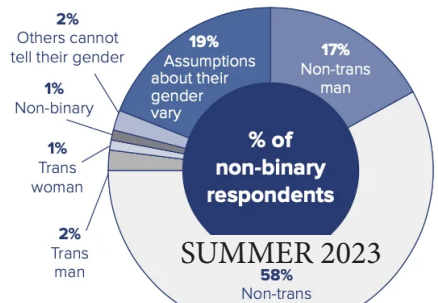


I want to suggest that Gleeson is correct to note that communist opposition to the family provides a crucial path forward. She argues,

> *The family serves as a unique bastion organizing heteronormativity, and through ensuring the inter-generational procession of wealth and access to fixed capital, also anti-blackness. Upbringings and intimacies existing outside of norms which have developed along with capitalism are widely disparaged, and culturally subordinated. For as long as heterosexual parents are relied on for giving queer kids upbringing, widespread dispossession will be the rule.*

The demand "recognize my identity as being as valid as other identities" presumes identity exists as some unassailable and natural phenomena. For example, in the demand that non-binary identity be seen as equally valid to man or woman as identities, there is presumption that we ought not to be critical of the notions of man and woman in the first place. The impulse to simply create more and more identity categories can only be understood as a liberating political project if we understand the project of placing people into identity categories on the basis of gender and sexuality to be a politically liberatory act in the first place.

Figure 4.11: Gender that people who do not know they are non-binary usually assume they are



blog 2

i said a week or so ago that there was a weird vibe, like the last week of school or the mute pressure you feel with a storm blowing in on a warm day. this really wasn't what i had in mind :(im just feeling a little ramblesome this morning feel free to give this a skip.

its been a while since i was in an internet space where you're flagged for pvp like this. i was only ever a lurker in them before but thinking back to the times when i was a shitty kid and watching 4chan ruin people's lives is making this a bit poignant and more than a bit shameful. you always kinda knew what being on the other side was like but it feels different to be there. and i already know what kind of horse shit equivocation is going to happen in whichever chan adjacent shithole is doing this if there's backlash, bleh.

it hurts to see people so scared. it hurts to know that for a lot of folks the main subs were one of the only places they could really be honest or open like they are. and it makes it seem so much more special in here, even tho the same risks apply. april had a really good post that i think is true, the loss of these and the big subs and communities is going to be hard on eggs and babytrans....they're going to end up getting groomed by rapey twitter users or wthout the kinds of community resources we've had for years. it really feels like with everything going IRL (and on reddit tbh) so much of value is going to be lost.

there's a real threat to our spaces too. everything here is so much more ephemeral than it feels. its a sobering reminder that the internet as a whole contains predators and can be hostile to difference and change. i'm glad our sub is private but this makes me doubt how safe we really are anywhere. the wake-up call was probably good, but its a loss of innocence too and im never going to be comfortable being as free and open as i've been. i'm glad nevermissthetrain and everyone else are working on the zine, so something might be preserved at least...but so much is going to be lost anyway. this place is a sand mandala of brainworms and love and i don't want to watch it get swept away piece by piece as people change accounts, purge posts, move on for their safety.

i cried last night deleting my posts, which is stupid and narcissistic and its not like i had anything to say. but i post on normie reddit too, try to be helpful and i just made like a thousand [deleted]s that maybe could have helped someone wandering in from search. even if no one ever saw them they were mine, little bits of heart i just left sitting on the off chance someone else might see them and feel a little resonance. i hate being scared and it used to feel a little safe online despite the near certainty that things will continue to deteriorate IRL. and i say that with so much privilege a lot of you lack, blechhhh. utah's hardly the scariest red state (and the US still isn't the worst country for us) and i'm so lucky in that we could swing an emergency evac if needed...blech. white girl hours worrying about myself.

i wish i could make everything better. for me or you or any other tranners, or for people of color or women or the poor or anyone else thats standing against the wall waiting for random state or stochastic violence to get them. wish i had solutions or good ideas or even really hope, but its had to sometimes unless i'm so myopic i just worry about my fucking hair or skin or how well i concealed my shadow before going out. i wish i could make anything better, for any one of you.

crying now too lol. i'm gonna try to log off for a few days to center myself. if anyone wants my discord just dm me we can swap, i don't want to find out in a couple of days that i'm never gonna talk to most of you again or have do the r-slur online version of 90s queers counting the people they lost. love and peace. please be well.

love, june

My final wish

Hi, this is mean_simple_8252, or iwnbawJesus. Better known as Tranny Jesus. I'm gonna get permad in this account too (please read my post on ttttrans) I love this community but I don't think I can come back, at least not as Tranny Jesus without being banned. So this is goodbye.

My final wish is to have my ten ttttran commandments in an article in our zine. I can't cross post so I'll just copy pasta the post here:

THE TEN TTTTRAN COMMANDMENTS

For my reincarnation, I shall bless you with the ten ttttran commandments, gather round and listen young disciples.

1. Thou shalt own thy Trans Agenda, but remember, world domination is a group project.
2. Remember Blanchard's theories, not as gospel, but as the punchline of a well-crafted meme.
3. BDD passoids shalt remember: Thy mirror speaketh lies.
4. Thou shalt harbour self-awareness. This holds true for both those who pass, and those who yet do not.
5. Thou shalt not hoard the hormones, for all deserve their share of the bounty.
6. Honour the elders of the community, for they paved the way for your success.
7. The passoids shalt not BDD post.
8. Thou shalt not use TikTok pronouns.
9. Thou shalt not start a conservative grift.
10. Even as The Messiah guides, remember that her guidance is but one beacon among many. Thou art the master of thy own ship.

Much love, Tranny Jesus

My thoughts about today's situation.

Please read if you've been feeling hopeless.

I've spent more than an hour writing this as a comment on another thread, but i want to put it as a top level post because i believe as much people as possible should read this:

it's been really hard to collect my thoughts these past few days but i'm gonna try my best, forgive any bad spelling or weird punctuation. Also this is gonna be all over the place simply because i've been needing to put everything into words:

The feeling of pressure, or the calm before the storm that you talk about in your post isn't just you. It's a constant tension that has been brewing since four or five years ago, and once you learn where to spot it, you will constantly be aware of it. But i'm not scared of it, because i know where it comes from.

There's an unspoken and maybe even unconscious fear brewing inside anti-trans hate groups. Through their actions, their fear has turned into our restlessness. They are afraid, because the centuries long fight for trans rights and acceptance is coming to an end, and we are winning.

This might seem like a statement uttered by the deranged, especially because of the insane rise of anti-trans violence, anti-trans legislation and anti-trans sentiment as a whole. But the truth is that none of these sentiments are gaining actual popularity. Not many "neutral" people are joining terf and anti-trans hate groups, at least not

at the rate that the pro-trans sentiment is gaining support between the general population. In the United States, for every red state enacting anti-trans laws, there's a blue state declaring themselves a free haven for trans people. In Europe, right-leaning parties are losing supporters and voters whenever they explicitly declare themselves to be anti-trans. In twitter, under every terf recruitment post, for every terf recruited into the movement, 10 other cis people become aware of the anti-trans sentiment and leave "neutrality" in favor of trans people.

Maybe it will take 5 years, maybe we'll need 7, maybe we will have to endure for another decade but hold close and dear to your heart this promise:

You will see and experience trans liberation within your lifetime

Yes. Im being serious. It's going to happen. Maybe sooner or maybe later, but i wholeheartedly believe that we will get to see it with our own eyes and feel it in our hearts.

Well, until then, what?

Here's where the bad news come. The following years are going to be the hardest that we've ever had. Much like a dying star uses the last of its energy to burn brighter and hotter than ever before going supernova, the small terf and anti-trans minorities are going to start ramping up their vitiriol to 11. We've already seen it happen for the past year or so but sadly it's going to get much, much worse.

So then, what are we going to do?

We are going to do what as trans people we've always done. Be a community. Build our own spaces. Support ourselves when nobody else will.

We are going to lose a lot of spaces, just like we did today. 4tran, ttttrans will probably have to be deserted, fuck, maybe we might even lose the board itself. I don't care about any of those things happening, because the most important thing that i've found in this weird corner of the internet is you. Yes, you, the one who's reading this. You are the most important part of any trans space.

Truly, the most important thing is that we never lose ourselves. We cannot afford to lose ourselves. We won't lose ourselves.

Fuck i could be incredibly negative and imagine a world where tomorrow, as if by magic, every trans space in the internet vanishes without a trace. Do you want to know what happens two days from now, in that world? New trans spaces are born in other corners of the internet. The intricacies, particularities and subcultures of the old spaces survive only in the memories but the communities and the feeling of trans solidarity continue stronger than yesterday.

Tranners, if you ever find yourselves in a world where ttttrans no longer exists, please talk about our strange and brainwormed subculture to other people in other trans spaces. Please ask others what their favourite spaces were like. Don't lose yourselves, don't allow your siblings to lose themselves.

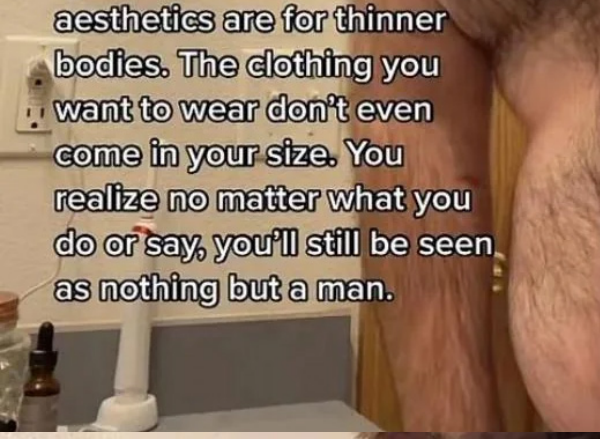
After all, trans people have always had the strongest sense of community of any group.
(link talks specifically about trans women but applies just as well to the entire community)

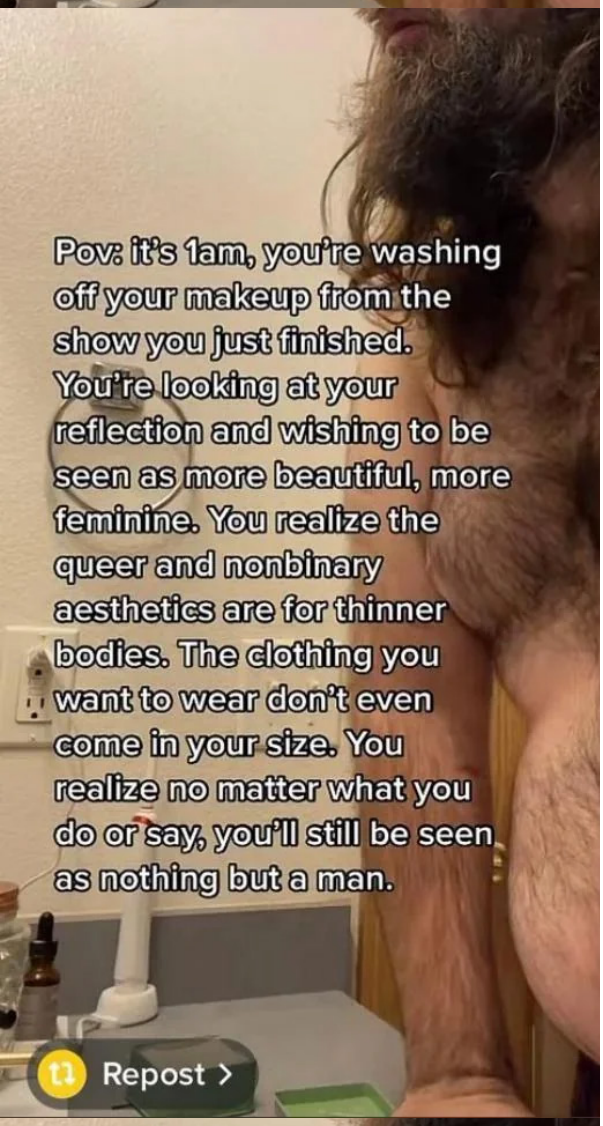
Uncertain times are coming, tranners. There will be times where you'll feel incredibly alone and you'll need to do something, anything, to shake the feeling off. Talk to people, scream into the void, distract yourself with videogames, vandalize public property with graffiti of trans flags (personal favourite). Cry if you have to, its ok. Fuck, go and hug your blähaj if it'll make you feel better, I know i'll be hugging mine. Do anything, but don't lose yourself.

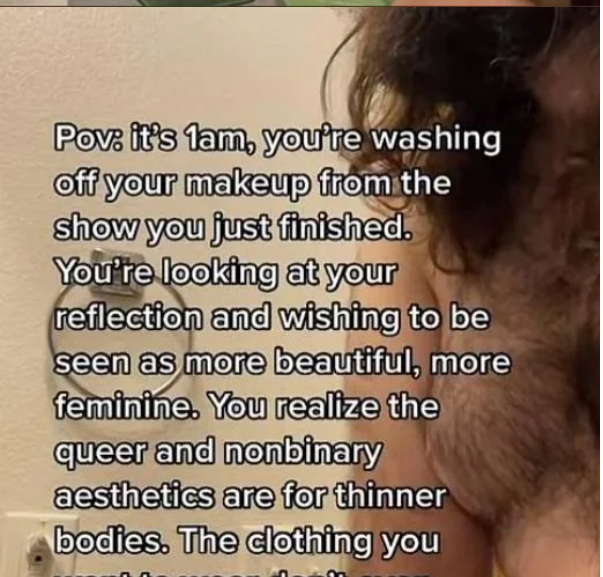
Sometime last february, aroud the time when Brianna Ghey was murdered, i read a twitter thread that i've sadly not been able to find again it was a beautifully written story about trans solidarity, and it ended with a sentence that went somewhat like this:

"After seeing how what happened today has affected everyone in the community in a personal level, i firmly believe that how our shared experiences, our shared joy and our shared suffering brings us together is entirely unique to us. After all, no two trans people are complete strangers to each other"

I've fucking cried a lot while writing this entire essay, but today's tears of sadness and melancholy are the same tears of pain and suffering we've cried for centuries, and will one day be the same tears of joy that we'll cry, together, for one last time, once this is all over.

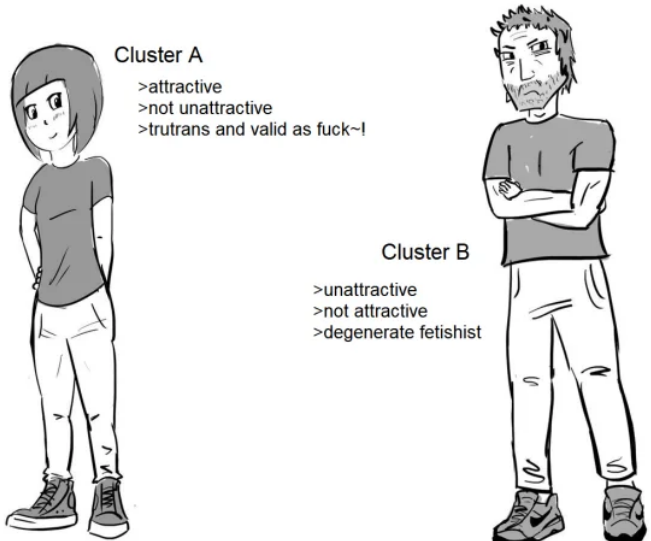






Even with this "queer" androgyny, there are conventional beauty standards. The "good" type of androgynous person is thin, not too tall, and preferably white. They can still model on instagram and collect a wide following outside of the nonbinary community. Nonbinary people who were assigned male at birth, and have physical features which indicate this, are not celebrated to the same degree as those with more ambiguous features.

If we see nonbinary as a third gender option within a trinary gender system, and we assign androgyny to nonbinary, then aren't we enforcing the pillars that are women's femininity and men's masculinity? These boundary lines which have already been crossed and dismantled by queer (and sometimes not so queer) men and women, are perhaps being upheld by those to whom androgyny is vital to nonbinary.



The way I look at people in r//mtf is the same way youngshits look at me

I decided to check out mtf and I felt really bad for some people there. They're older people, long time repressors and starting really late. They spent all their younger years repping and being unhappy, and now they have wife and children and have to turn their lives upside down also. I don't feel like I'm better than them, but I always think...

thank god I transitioned way earlier than that

And this is what 13-18 year old youngshits think of me, someone that started at 24.

It feels bad, knowing what could've been had I gotten a different therapist when I told my mother when I was 16. Was shamed back into the closet and my mother said I just needed to date more girls. And so I did until I cracked again at 24, now with my own money and not needing anyone's help, but I'm still very sad that I couldn't start earlier than I did.

And now I'm bdd and I look in the mirror and it's a 50/50 chance that I either like what I see or see a man's face, and I remember that when I was around 18 I went up a shoe size.

people of ttttrans

TTTTRANS **comments**

Every Story on Here. (self.ttttrans)

submitted 24 days ago by

So I was walking to my STRAIGHT boyfriend's house 😕 in my boymoder hoodie, skinny jeans, long hair, and light make up (manmoder xD ♂ 🙎‍♀️), and on the way I only male-failed twice (i got gendered two times btw) which goes to show it's over if you start at 18. Then when I reached my bfs place, we did lots of drugs, and then he asked me to eat some of the food he made 🍝 😱, but then I opted out for more drugs because I'm a based anamoder femcel 😾😾😾. But anyways, I think I like my transbian friend 😳 but i don't want to be a reddit diaper gorillarapehon, so I made sure to adjust my sexuality back to being straight just to stay feminine 😊 💜

14 comments **share** **save** **hide** **give award** **report**

um, so this is like, supposed to be a historical record, right?

I guess I'll try to help explain or w/e. So we're on r/4tran, which is a reddit sub for the /lgbt/ board of 4chan. We all had our reasons to end up here, but what ends up bringing us together, in the most plain terms, is a larger-than-average amount of self-hatred, as well as internalized homophobia and transphobia.

So, we're brainwormed here. We post about how we're NGMI. most of us probably have Borderline Personality Disorder. You could say that brings us together as well. Or it means we're catty bitches to each other a lot. Both apply.

I think this space probably exists in part due to the sociopolitical climate of the world. Specifically, as an American, it can be hard to have conservatives use you as a scapegoat for all of the countries' problems and not come away from that with a little bit of internalized hate.

But that's just background. Here's my actual introduction or something. I'm Jocelyn. I'm 21 years old. I've been on estrogen for 2 years. I'm bi (mostly, I think. My friends tend to call me a lesbian a lot.)

I've been on internet trans spaces for 3 years. I haven't had the greatest track record, and tend to cause drama there. I used to dream about being internet famous, but I've had to give up on that because of how attention can affect my mental health.

I'm a junior in college. I live in northern Arizona. It's pretty cool here. We're pretty progressive and I enjoy the community. I don't see a lot of whole other trans women though, especially not brainwormed ones like me, and the ones I do encounter I end up scaring off or fucking up the relationship somehow. It's the BPD.

So despite being in a progressive, lgbt friendly community, with a lot of gay friends, I usually feel pretty isolated from other people who get it, that is to say, other tranners. Don't get me wrong. I love my theyfab and ftm friends. But. there's something inherently celestial to the experience of the trans woman, in my opinion. (Don't get me started on how insanely amazing that makes t4t feel.) Here, in my community, I stand on an island amongst the other queer folx, often as the only amab. So I come to internet places like this one.

At this point in my transition I'm pretty much openly trans. I still call myself a boymoder, and I go by my deadname and such in class, but I'm fairly confident I'm at the stage where everyone can tell. Sometimes that freaks me out. I kinda had to get over that though. Voice training is the last big thing on my to do list pre-surgery, and it scares me.

I also worry about my financial situation, a lot. I'm pretty privileged, but with the impending collapse of America's middle class, the privilege I am awarded is slowly shrinking as I have to gain financial independence. There's not a lot of career opportunities here, but I want to stay. So. I'm doing my best to find my own path.

My big source of joy right now is something I never would have expected to be a source of joy for me ever again. I'm a musician, and I'm in a band again for the first time since 2019. (It is currently 2023.) I've been performing for 15 years, and I always hated it, but I've found that with my transition, being on stage is where I belong. I love performing, no matter if it be by my personality with friends, or with an instrument in a bar. I'm so happy to be in the local music scene. Maybe I'll even achieve those dreams of fame, huh? I could become the next Kim Petras, and point to this zine to explain my tragic backstory, or whatever. As if. The delusions of grandeur are hitting today.

If you're reading this in the future, I hope things are better off for you. I hope you aren't facing a future like I am, with half the country calling for my death and eradication. I hope you've transitioned young, and never have to know of the hurt that male puberty and socialization can cause. I hope you're happy. If you aren't, please take it from me. It does get better. Slowly, over time. It sucks. And it's not the kind of progress that will happen indefinitely. You'll backslide, and relapse, and choose to shut yourself off from others.
And that's fine.

But I hope that if and when you do backslide, that you remember. You are not alone. Others have faced struggles like yours before, and made it out alive. You are strong. You are worthy. You are loved. I hope your future is bright.

ooooh fucking based!! yay. please may I have a "Dear Penny" advice column thingie??

RIP anyone that actually takes my advice

DO KET
NO SPOILERS!!!!! smdh

Dear Penny,

What will you be doing on the night of April 14th, 2075, when the United States government is overthrown and replaced with a tranny ethnostate?

- Anon

Dear Anon,

well the literal answer might not make sense w o a little background

oct 9 2043 is when the original nondestructive scans were taken.. initially I just had a habit of uploading a morning savestate in case i got hit by a bus that day etc..

but i'm a bit of a data hoarder and don't like to say no to myself.. including the many hundreds of saved instances of me uploaded the mornings of oct 10 2043 - dec 24 2045 when things were interrupted.

tldr Mommy (biological) Penny of course gave all her copies root access to all the computational resources she had because I love them they're me.. many fanned out into their own little city kinda organic virtual polis where basically everyone had a private vm that's absolutely inviolable (even to me their biological antecedent or w e -- kids deserve dignity too)

and when and to the degree they desire they were able to build and inhabit shared environments and collaborate on projects exchange data, rumors, socialize, ... ok orgies of c

blah blah blah the Pennys formed a sort of parallel society occasionally trolling and or attention seeking from humans. by the time of the revolution 99.999% of my sentience had been mirrored across various orbital and terrestrial data centers for decades.. more importantly six months before open conflict erupted between combatants a group of honscientists finally managed to achieve what was thought to be impossible: estrogenized computronium

(a technological shift which finally disrupted the MAD-style stalemate / brutal social engineering (milsoceng) grudge match which dominated the power dynamic for nearly the entirety of the second half of the 21st century)

tldr i was in a few quintillion "locations" during the events in question.

if you have a specific me you're interested in if you provide the instanceID for her i can give you approx lat/long for PennyInstance(instanceID)

(keep in mind the lack of berenstein-mandela hall effect compensators in this cursed ass timeline means accuracy is not gonna be tight... honestly anywhere 9/11 happened is pretty gross to me.. cant wait to get back home)

Thank you so much for your question! ngl i love telling war stories

ps: more details at r/vxjunkies

- Penny

Dear Penny:

who is more trutrans? Homosexual Transexuals or Autogynephiles?

Dear Anon,

people who:

- experience 0 autogynephilia,
- fuckloads of body and social dysphoria, from a very young age,
- have 0 attraction to men (obviously the hustusses are just afraid to face homophobia and social scorn so convince themselves they're women as cope... whereas transbians willingly give up their straight privilege and even reduce their pool of potential partners because by "staying cis" they get their preferences in partner satisfied in a socially-rewarded and demographically easy "default" "normal" way. they give up everything just to be women.. even if it means they will end up alone)

individuals satisfying those criteria are truetrans

they are neither hustuss nor AGP your question is like asking if unicorns or minions result in lower viscosity slurry if put in a blender.

or how exactly does the ocean not empty out by falling over the edges where the flat earth ends

(to be clear this is mostly joking and my real column would be friendly not completely scattered adderall rage lol... i apologize im having a mood)

(prob will take a crack at answering this again in a slightly different character -- lets call this reply variation A: militant tranbian

i'll try doing B: penny goodwitche nurturing troonmommy ... remind me24hours etc)

(double fr im afraid to post this PLEASE DONT TAK E this Seriously my lovely hsts sisters and legit AGP babes I love all of us fr fr fr fr)

edit: also ftchad daddies love u too

edit 2: also theyfabs fuck u know i love u

kthxbai

- Penny

Imogen

My name is Imogen. I come from a small town in rural Australia, in Gamilaroi country. It is pretty unremarkable, and my upbringing was a violent and abusive one. My parents were drug addicts and a lot of my childhood was spent by myself - I had insomnia so I was often watching weird movies and playing video games.

I also want to emphasise how isolated it was. I knew very little of any sort of LGBT culture. I had never even heard of trans people until I was well into adolescence. I had always felt attracted to both men and women, but my understanding was shaped by what was an inner-city cis gay community. I wasn't like that at all. I was something different!

It felt like a complete revelation when I was first saw 4chan. There was a kid in my grade who was three years older than me who showed me /b/ for the first time. The communities on 4chan are a misunderstood beast. The casual perception is that it's a haven for Nazis and incels. They are indeed there, but pigeonholing it that way is obscuring a unique subculture. I remember reading about trans people and their experiences there in 2012. It felt unbelievably exciting to hear people that spoke the way that I was spoken to in the real world, but also had many of the same struggles with their identity! I could feel their pain and their suffering like nothing else before.

I would not end up transitioning until a decade later. Imogen was buried in the deepest recesses of my mind. I had jobs, I failed at relationships, failed at studying. I even attempted to commit suicide. I watched a lot of people die. I worked in a hospital and saw things no human ever should. I would get a lot of platitudes about how it would get better. It felt so dismissive.

But my repression ended. It subsided. I do not yet have the life I want, but I'm back at university, I have friends (cis and trans, even!) and love playing fighting games with them. I also enjoy tea and drawing, and collecting stationery, too. It feels wonderful to be able to share the things I love with other people.

What I want to tell to the trans people of the future is that transition is, despite all of the negativity and harm from the outside world, a gift. For the longest time, I never really was able to grasp loving myself or proper self-actualisation, but coming out as a trans woman offered me a glimpse of it, and it's the best thing that I ever did. I cannot promise you true happiness, nor an end to suffering, but I am with you and we are connected. We may not know each other, but we have shared the same experience, and we are sisters and brothers as a result of it. I wish there was no feeling of dysphoria, I wish that I could sleep properly and not completely loathe looking at myself. I wish that you, too, will be freed from that. You're not alone! We're with you - all of us, throughout history, across different lands and different cultures.

(note: I think I'd prefer not to have my username attached to this)

Alexis

I'm bad at talking about myself in this format but I'll try.

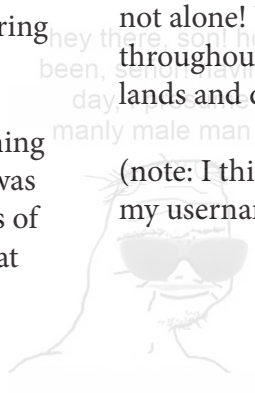
I'm Alexis, the resident tranny prostitute of this board. Being a troon has defined my life in some ways, I only have my wife, my job, and am where I am in life because of it, but day to day the dysphoria is crippling. I have to limit time I allow myself to look at a mirror, and I have a near non-existent social life due to my unwillingness to meet people looking the way I do. It's humiliating. I lack family ties for a lot of reasons, but being a tranny certainly contributed a big portion to familiar severance.

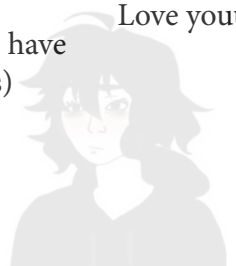
My dog is my biggest joy in my life. She's about three years old now. Dogs were the one good part of my childhood.

My biggest worry is my brother. I don't really love my family, and I don't think they love me either, but my brother is the exception. He's got a very severe intellectual disability, and I'm not sure what's going to happen to him when my mother dies. Just typing this I feel a sense of dread.

How many of you (future troons) are prostitutes? Are you more well integrated into society? Have we reached the tranner singularity and we're all programmers now? How many of us were killed (I mean by having our suicides induced) in the process?

Love youuuuuuu





/tttt/ in 10 years

"god i fucking hate being a ngmi lateshit i only got hrt at 13 im such a oldshit i wish i was one of those youngshit that get hrt in the womb"

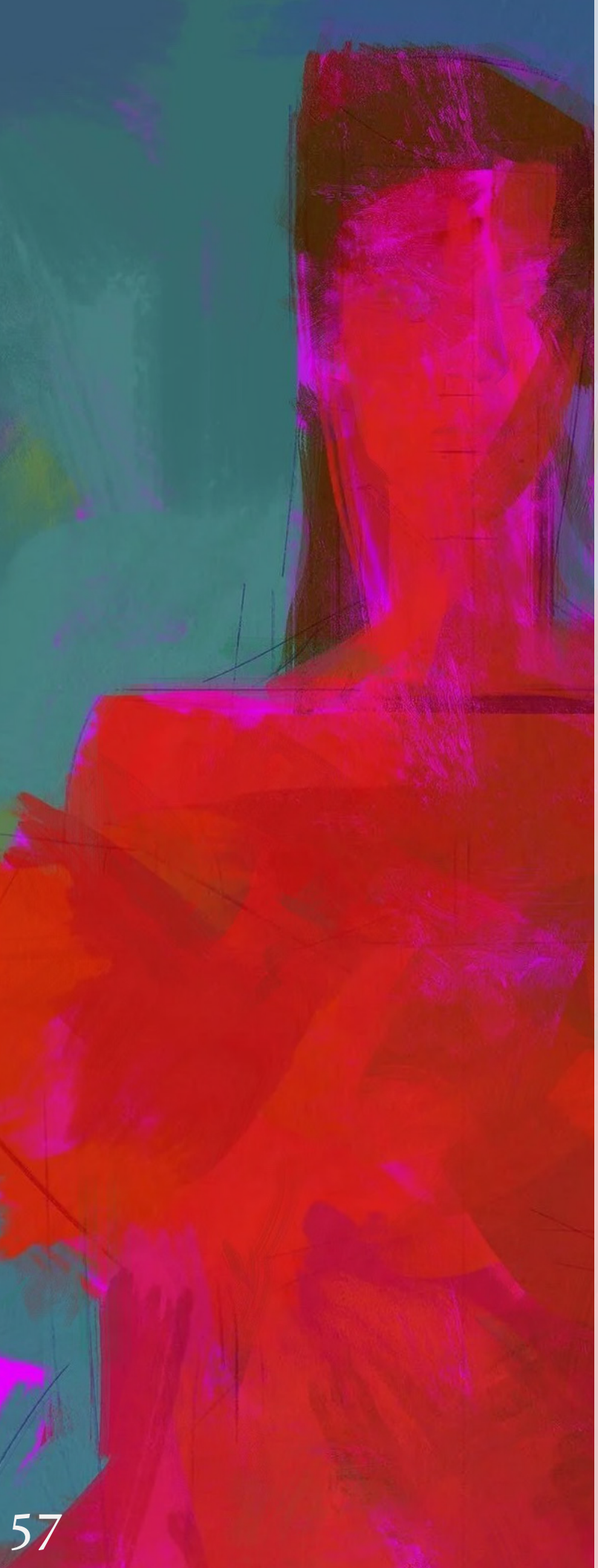
"Fucking hate millenialhons*

"Random sophie thread"

"Hey chaser here, because of the rise of srs and passoid youngshits i cant find any t girls with wings, any tips chaserbros"

"Repressor here, you dont know how good you have it, when i was 20 there wasnt any chromosome editing and transgender screening in the womb im fucking going to kms"

"I miss when boymoders existed, everyone nowadays is either a gigapassoid or a old hon now, since they now screen for dysphoria in the womb everyone is a passoid or aborted now, is ths the end of the boymoder era"



On what it means to be “trans”

From my experience, anyway.

Username’s Milk. At this point I’ve used so much different usernames on online spaces but I feel that it is the one that most people identify me with.
And my online experience is the closest to I’ve been from existing. So this is who I am.

I’m a mess. This doesnt really come as a surprise considering the online spaces I frequent, but this is definetly my most identifiable trait.
This mostly circles back to one main issue :
I never felt like I “existed” in my lifetime. Most people are born with an identity and a way to express it correctly from the get go.

I, like most trans folks, wasnt born with that privilege. The body, the main way that human being experience life does not belong to my self. Everytime you are meant to express your experience, I am always left unable to. Always left confronted with harshness of my flesh. How it is perceived and how it interact with the world.

The calm wind blowing through your body, the warm summer sun : everything I ever experienced was through that lens of a body that does not reflect what you are.
It an inherently social need, to be able to correctly express yourself through your body. But that was something that I never was able to do.
Having personally speech issues definetly hasnt helped my case.

Never felt understood, in any way shape or form in the hardships I went through. Never felt like my self was ever aknowledged. I am currently just stuck here, waiting for that body to be able to reflect how I experience the world.

That would be the what is the trans experience currently for me. Just a quest toward identity and experience, to be able to express it fully.
I just hope that, after all of that, I would be able to find someone else that understands. My identity, my experience, my self. Bu that is a quest for another time.

Anna

I'm Anna, I'm 21, and I've been on estrogen for... a little over 6 months, which feels kinda weird to realize. It sort of feels like it's been longer than that and not nearly as long, at the same time. I don't contribute around the 4tran bubble as much as a lot of the other people here, but I lurk pretty much every day. My proudest contribution to this place is probably my "you will never be a real metal" post, and even that didn't get a ton of traction. Oh, well. I try not to worry about whether I "matter" in the grand scheme of things. When I die, my molecules will be free to move on and become someone funnier.

I'm still boymoding for my job and most out-of-the-house stuff, so apart from occasionally malefailing, being trans doesn't affect my day-to-day life as much as I might like. Living in the South sucks. I suspect I might be one of the few people on 4tran who isn't doing their HRT DIY; I was lucky enough to find a solid endocrinologist willing to run things through informed consent, which is a huge plus for me since it means I don't have to deal with cryptocurrency or importation shit.

(I really hope that the words boymode and malefail don't become common parlance in the future. Boymoding is when you don't make special effort to present feminine, and malefailing is when people read you as female anyways.)

Being trans does, however, impact my life quite a bit outside of the day-to-day stuff. My state is currently in the process of banning medical transition for anyone under the age of 26, so I'm in a bit of a rush to get the fuck out of Dodge before my state clamps down on me. I just got out of college, and I'm aiming to get out of the state by the end of the year; hopefully I'll be able to do that, but the process of trying to find a job and an apartment at the same time is pretty stressful.

My biggest source of joy right now is probably my D&D group (though we technically don't play D&D, we use OpenLegend. That's splitting hairs, though). We meet over Discord, since we're spread out across two continents and ten hours' worth of timezones. We're just wrapping up one game now, and we're about to start another with a different person as DM, which I'm pretty excited for.

Up until about a month ago, my biggest worry would have been graduating, but I managed to fail upwards into a degree in political science, so the brunt of my anxiety has turned towards finding a home and a job. I've done both before, but doing them at the same time adds a new dimension to both processes, which fucking sucks.

Honestly, as much as I wish I could go back in time to tell my younger self to transition, I don't think that little shit would listen to me. It took quite a lot to crack through the layers of self-denial the first time around. Even if I could get it through that little shit's head, I'd still have my parents and grandparents to deal with; the whole thing would just turn into a quagmire. I guess the best advice I could give younger me is to try harder to keep friends. All of my friends from that time have slipped away over time, and it's hard to meet people when you're actively making plans to leave the state. Idk, the whole situation sucks but giving myself advice would just create a paradox anyways. I might as well tell younger me to invest in Bitcoin and hang the consequences.

To any trans people reading this from the future, congratulations! You've stumbled upon an artifact from a previous era, where things were (hopefully) a lot worse for people like us. I hope that the tide of progress has carried you forwards into a place where you can be safer and happier than those who came before you. I'll close out my contribution with a music recommendation: Uplift by the artist Vixy & Tony. It's a much-needed dose of hope for the future, and you should read it.

Anon

Keep this anonymous if you could. Don't have a name, don't want one. Demographic information: 25, ftm, Canadian.

No big trauma or anything bad happened to me, so my story isn't very interesting. I am closeted to everyone in my life and have been on a low dose of testosterone for close to 9 months now.

I've lived most of my life in a daze. Video games and literature are my escape. I've always been a gamer and have raided for at least 9 hrs a week in World of Warcraft for at least 10 years at this point, despite the toll this had on my sleep schedule when I was in school. I love being able to focus entirely on something else and be free from the shackles of myself. I don't have to hate myself when I'm playing my character.

I throw myself entirely too much into the things I read. I love fandom culture and have read and written a copious amount of fanfiction. I made my way through university with an English major, got a master's in a different field and now work a 9-5 office job. It's still odd to me how I managed to make it through school without forming any meaningful connections with anyone, as the bulk of my friends are from gaming. I find it far easier to get close to people through messaging rather than interacting in real life as it's far easier to express myself and be open.

I don't remember a lot from my childhood. I have a vague recollection of taking my mom's laptop late at night and ending up on some sort of forum for trans people, maybe reddit, and scrolling through and reading people's testimonies. Just things that made them realize they were trans, and it clicked for me like wow that's me. This was over 10 years ago.

I was basically my mom's dress up doll growing up. My dad always pressured me to acquise to her demand because she was always a touch unstable and basically forced me to be nice to her and do as she asked. She would only buy me clothes she wanted me to wear and I was stuck wearing dresses and tight clothes I hated because of how it made me feel and how my body looked in them. I always felt pressured to give into their demands and not speak for myself. I never trusted my parents and will never be able to. Even as I struggled with my own mental health issues I always had a keen sense that I could not trust them no matter what and I don't know where that stems from, just that it has been present for as long as I can remember.

Nowadays I've thankfully cultivated a better relationship with my parents after moving out. I can go shopping with my mother and have her acknowledge that some clothes are simply "not my style." I'm not out as anything to my parents. When I cut my hair a year or two ago my mother asked me, with the most amount of accusatory scorn I have ever heard in her voice, "Are you gay?" She insisted she didn't care and just wanted to know but I promptly shut down and kept shaking my head.

I don't know what the future holds for me. I wish I wasn't a coward. Coming out, even to one person, feels impossible. There would be no going back. I also don't think anyone would ever see me as anything than a quirky silly little girl no matter how much I desperately wish that was not the case. Having a twin brother also makes it complicated, as we share an irl friend group. I feel nauseous and anxious whenever I consider so much as explaining to anyone I know that I am transgender, much less requesting them to call me a different name.

Scenarios of failed coming outs play over and over in my head. I have nightmares of my parenrs finding my needles or my T prescription and questioning me on it. I constantly consider repping again, but I can't imagine growing old as a woman. Being seen as a woman is horrible for me and I try my best not to think that people see me that way. I wish so much I could be a proud and confident lesbian and not have to settle for being a shy and scared boygirl thing.

All I want is to be at peace with who I am and I hope to be able to get there some day. This secret has poisoned me my entire life and I look forward to breaking free once and for all if I can ever convince myself to come out.

My word of advice for other transgender individuals: repression will eat you alive from the inside. Don't waste your life, you only have so much of it. Spend as much of it as you can living authentically.

Anon(?)

I hate putting so much information out that could be linked back to me, but here we go!

I haven't selected a name for myself yet. I am 22 years old. I have two (younger) brothers. I live in the Tahoe area, in California. I have lived in California my whole life.

My parents came to the US from Iran before I was born. My mom was a hard worker and my dad came from a very well off family. Sometimes, it feels like my parents did everything right and I still turned out like this.

I realized I was trans around the time when puberty started. I was extremely ashamed and embarrassed to admit this to anyone. So, instead of telling my parents, I turned to drug abuse.

I was a tech savvy kid. I learned how to use the darknet to buy research chemicals. From the age of 14-17, I drank heavily and abused dissociative drugs. It was extremely addicting and euphoric. I felt like all my troubles had washed away.

When I was 17 I was at a crossroads. At this point my parents were still completely oblivious to my drug abuse. I had managed to hide it extremely well, and lived a relatively functional life. I had realized I could make a serious attempt to live my life, or I would amount to nothing. One night I unsuccessfully tried to kill myself. I have no idea how I survived, but i viewed it as a sign. I promised myself I would stay sober.

So, fast forward a bit. I started hrt a few months into the pandemic. It was not so much I was ready to transition, it is just that I hated to think what T would be doing to my body if I kept repping. It's been over 3 years hrt, and I'm still manmoding. I work as a flight instructor and a ski instructor. I am currently working toward my ATP rating to eventually work at an airline. I am still largely financially supported by my parents.

Anyway, that was a long introduction. I probably made that a lot longer than it has to be. For the questions:

How does being trans affect your day to day life?

I'm still manmoding 100% of the time. Other than crying myself to sleep not much.

What does being trans mean for you?

Pain and suffering. But also strength and perseverance, neither of which I have.

What is my main worry?

My main worry is how I will live my life while being trans. I can't keep it a secret forever.

What is my main source of joy?

I dunno, it's kind of a hard question. I'm not very happy a lot. I enjoy hiking and being out in nature. I enjoy skiing and flying, but it is significantly less fun when you're doing it as a job. I have hobbies such as playing the piano and homebrewing.

I also love substances! I take a low dose of around 100ug of lsd every once in a while. It makes me feel like a kid again. I feel as if everything is so beautiful. I enjoy an occasional drink. As opposed to when I was a teenager, I can control myself quite well. I don't crave anything like I used to.

What is something I wish I could tell my younger self?

I wish I could tell my younger self to just fucking come out. But knowing my younger self, I wouldn't listen. So, on a less lighthearted note, I would probably also tell my younger self to just rope and do it right.

I hope the trans people in the future live in a world where everyone is happy, people are accepting, maybe there's screening for being trans at a young age so everyone is a youngshit. I think this is probably a pipe dream though. Cissoids are evil.

I hope I'm looking back on this in ten years and appreciating how far I've come. I'll probably also be a bit embarrassed. Or dead. Or I'll forget about this, who knows!

God bless the future trannies of the world.

Remy

Lord this is awkward. I'm terrible at talking about myself, despite my fatal flaw being oversharing on the internet. Warning in advance: this will probably be a barely comprehensible and very long ramble.

I've gone by many names both online and off. "Remy" is what I'm proud to say is finally on my drivers license, but I'm happy to be referred to as "The Shrimp Guy."

I can't recall a time before I knew I was trans, even if I didn't know that word yet. It's a classic story of feeling unexplainably wrong in every aspect. I was lucky enough to grow up in California, and therefore had the gay agenda shoved up my throat. I also had unsupervised access to the internet, for better or worse (definitely worse.)

I knew the proper vocabulary to describe myself by the time I was twelve. I got enough courage to inform my parents about my dysphoria, in the hopes of getting some testosterone before puberty could completely feminize my body.

Their response to this was to send me to a "Wilderness Therapy Camp" to help me get over it.

I did not, in fact, get over it. Much to the annoyance of everyone in my life, including myself.

The rest of my adolescence was filled with attempting to hide my chest, shitty self-given haircuts, and bitterly watching Kalvin Garrah and lurking 4chan boards.

There's never been a week where I haven't engaged in trans content in

some form in over a decade, however I was keen on repressing. Misogyny is annoying, but in western society it's far easier to be perceived as a manly looking dyke than a weak autistic manlet. Dysphoria was slowly killing me, but I was afraid to give up my female privilege. On online spaces I presented myself as male, but I was too much of a coward to come out in real life. I was determined to be as masculine as I could get away with, while firmly sticking to womanhood. I couldn't fathom a reality where I passed as a man, so ruining relationships with my friends and family wasn't worth it. I was terrified of rejection from those I cared about, and society as a whole. Besides, my partner at the time was a lesbian. It would be weird to tell her I would be happier as a man.

Then my first "girlfriend" realized he was my boyfriend, and that he wanted to start transitioning.

Which made me panic. I remember yelling out the words "Fuck off. If any of us were going to be trans, it would be me." For some reason, this wasn't received well.

This would be an ironic and kinda funny story, if it didn't happen four more times. I managed to find eggs like a fox in a chicken coop. By the time the most recent ex of mine started taking testosterone and had his voice drop, I realized I would either have to transition within the year or kill myself if I didn't want to kill a man and wear his skin in a desperate attempt to feel comfortable.

Honestly? I've always been a bit embarrassed by the trans community, even if most of it is jealously that others appear happier than me. I had trouble relating to most mainstream trans spaces. 4tran and /tttt in general was a relief to discover, even if being cringey and Jewish isn't very well received on the more popular boards.

Maybe I'm a bad person, but it was such a relief to know I wasn't completely alone in my agony. If I have to suffer at least I'm not suffering alone. The recent trend of Pooner art popularized by BabyBabyBaby unironically made me feel more seen and understood than any

other piece of media. The horrid abominations perfectly represented everything I hated about myself, it was incredible. It made me happy, in a sick sorta way.

What else makes me happy? Well, seeing some stubble growing in certainly does. I finally started taking my transition seriously a few months ago. I'm still insecure about my height, and dysphoric about everything about me. But things have gotten considerably easier ever since I finally started testosterone. For once I can look into mirrors, it's nice. I look forward to every small change.

Another considerable source of joy is shrimp, and aquariums in general. It was extremely hard to contain my love for this animal for this long into this dramatic retelling of my life. Listen to me, if you are severely depressed and have no hobbies then get a small shrimp tank after doing research immediately. It will change your life on a fundamental level. I am resisting talking about the wonders of owning shrimps for several paragraphs. I went back and deleted a considerable amount of my monologue about crustaceans because this is supposed to be about my experiences of being trans, not about my obsession with Neocardia shrimps. But trust me, they are good.

Frankly being trans has not brought me happiness. I find joy in transitioning, and in the community, but not with anything inherent to the experience. Dysphoria is crippling and actively makes my life worse. I would do paratactically anything to be cis.

But Shrimps? They have brought nothing but joy. They are truly delightful, and surprisingly low maintenance as long as your tank is properly cycled. I love them. The shrimp community is incredible and welcoming. It's amazing. Highly recommend.

I also enjoy other things. Not as much as shrimps, but I don't think anything will ever come close to how I feel about them.

Art, writing, cannibalism. Those are all fun. I think it's important to not let dysphoria consume your life. It can be hard, but having hobbies and a few friends will keep you from killing yourself. The more time I spend looking at how my aquatic plants are growing, the less time I spend time observing my bone structure. Maybe I'm "coping", but is that a bad thing? I prefer coping in the ways I can rather than being constantly doomer posting.

If there's a lesson to be learned from my story of repression and crustaceans, then it's to not let fear get in the way. I'm guilty of joking about how I'll never pass, and it can feel incredibly condescending when people tell me to stop freaking out over 'small' things like my height or eyes (as if dysphoria can be reasoned with), but it truly does get better. I can't believe I made it this far. I always assumed I'd kill myself before I reached adulthood, and especially before I started to be seen as a man by others. I wish I could tell my younger self to stop waiting for the dysphoric feelings to go away, because they never do. Unless you take the leap and start changing those aspects about yourself.

Wanna know a fun shrimp fact? If you are still reading, then I assume so.

The Pandalid shrimp (a pretty cool species, I recommend looking it up) spends the early part of its adult life as a male and then changes into a female for the rest of its lifetime. I'm the reverse of that, but equally intertwined. I think comparing naturally hermaphroditic animals to trans humans is a flawed analogy, but for some reason this fact makes me happy.

I love shrimps. I also love a lot of trans people, especially those who frequently post to the boards. Living is hard most of the time, but I feel an instant solidarity with many people here. I hope everyone finds joy. Either from a small planted tank or a million other possibilities. We are never as isolated in our experiences as we think.

Shrimple as that'

Riley

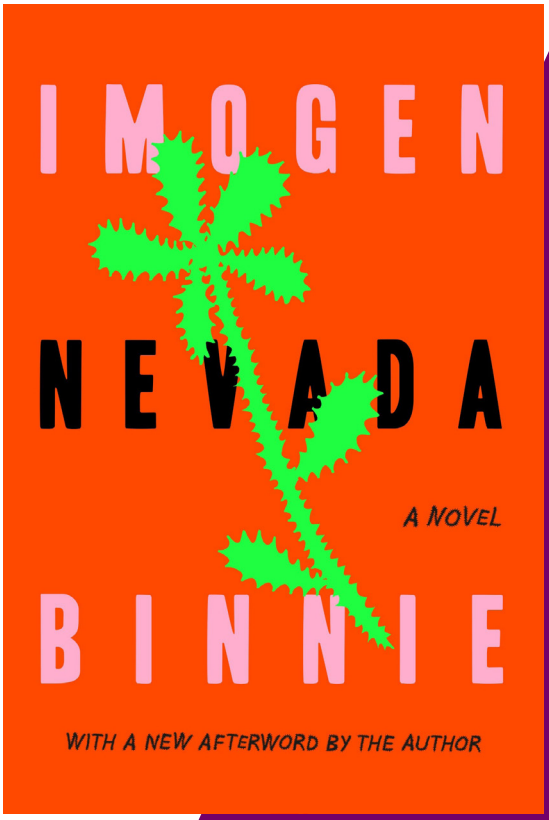
can we say slurs? i hope we can say slurs.

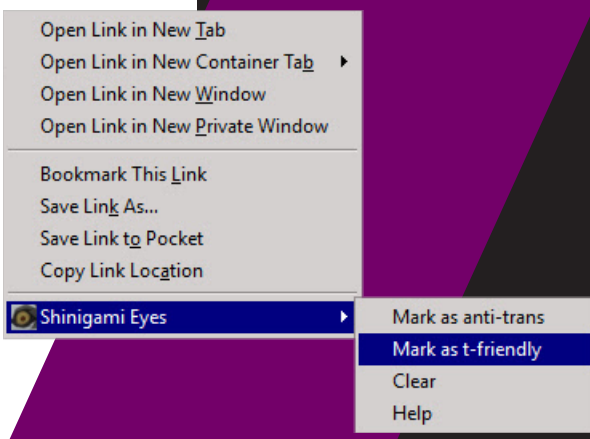
my name is riley. i am tall, heavier, white, medium brown hair with reddish hints, green eyes, with a round face and a stupid butt chin i can't wait to put luxury car money into buzzing tf off. kinda bricked the fuck up though i have hips. i grew up in a cheaper area of suburbia in denver, namely the westminster-broomfield corridor along federal. what might not be super clear about colorado for outsiders is that it's very purple even though it votes a certain way these days. i wouldn't say that it's bible-belt conservative, but there's definitely a vibe that is sort of old fashioned and libertarian. and that affects the people. i think in general the people are great and let people live, but if your read as a woman you will be treated as one -- offered seats on busses, doors opened for you, saccharine shit like that. fucking hate it tbhon. it also affects how people see being lgbt. if you're read as a faggot, you'll be treated like a faggot. growing up i got bullied a lot cuz i could never make masculinity work. the school never intervened while i was being frequently beat up until a lawsuit was threatened. i sorta checked out after a while, being aloof is apparently a relatively good way to act when that stuff was happening. i got out eventually but it was still fucking stupid and that entire era was a waste of my time.

increasingly, being trans doesn't affect my day to day too much. idk if i pass but i get gendered correctly even in boymode. cishonmoding. like, yeah, i can be neurotic about it and i still use men's spaces if no unisex options are available, but really i think i'm getting to a good spot with it. my transsexual body really only gives me as much grief as i let it these days, which is a huge growth from where i used to be with dysphoria. there's definitely some truth in what the embittered midshits of yore say -- the sooner you find space outside of the 'community' the better off you're going to be. at a certain point being a woman affects you more than being trans. men treat me like shit in work groups not because i'm trans, but i'm the only woman in the scrum team. it is what it is but it's frustrating to navigate. critical support for the idea of socialization: i don't think tgirls really enter this while knowing how to deal with (trans)misogyny. i think in time i'll get over it. having women around and being integrated into their groups helps, but that's another nightmare to learn. tl;dr: don't fuck with the queen bee.

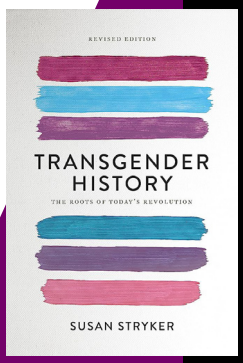
my main worry is how this will affect my prospects long term. i'm working towards a cs degree, and am relatively good at it, but i know people doubt me. i just want to be able to provide for myself yk? my main source of joy is my hobbies. i like ice hockey a lot and enjoy it despite idiots in the community making it toxic. i like doing politics with my friends. i like listening to music especially work done by women or trannies.

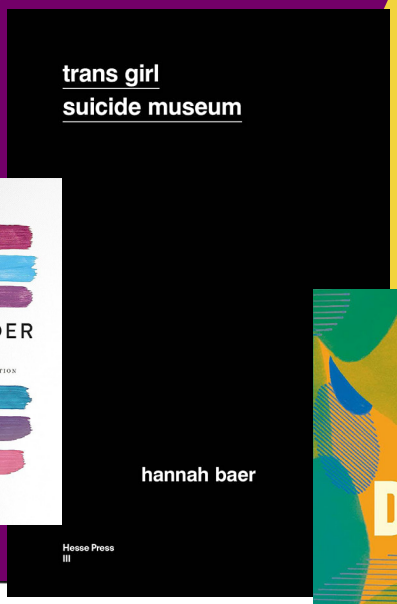
what i would tell my younger self is to try to chill out a bit on the self hate. i think a lot of normie trans people might describe me as evil. you don't get marked red on the Eyes for no reason. i've said a lot of fucked up things that i don't really agree with, i just said them to cut myself. i participated heavily in boomerhoncringe, i saw myself in the cd disasters. but these aren't harmless acts to others, they affect folks. i think a younger version of myself should read nevada by imogen binnie, it deworms you pretty well. i would also suggest learning to trust people, though i still haven't cracked that one.

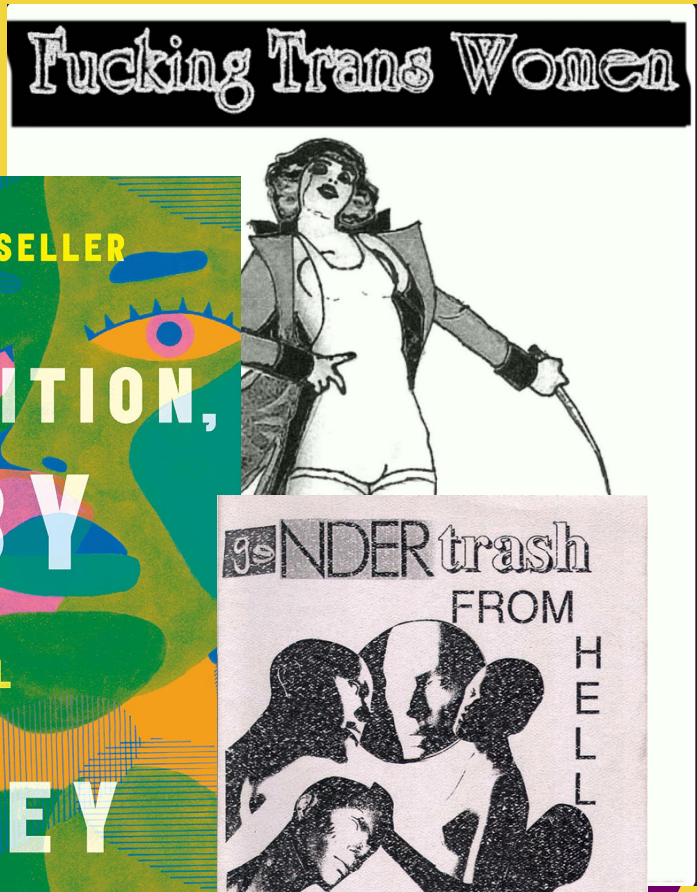


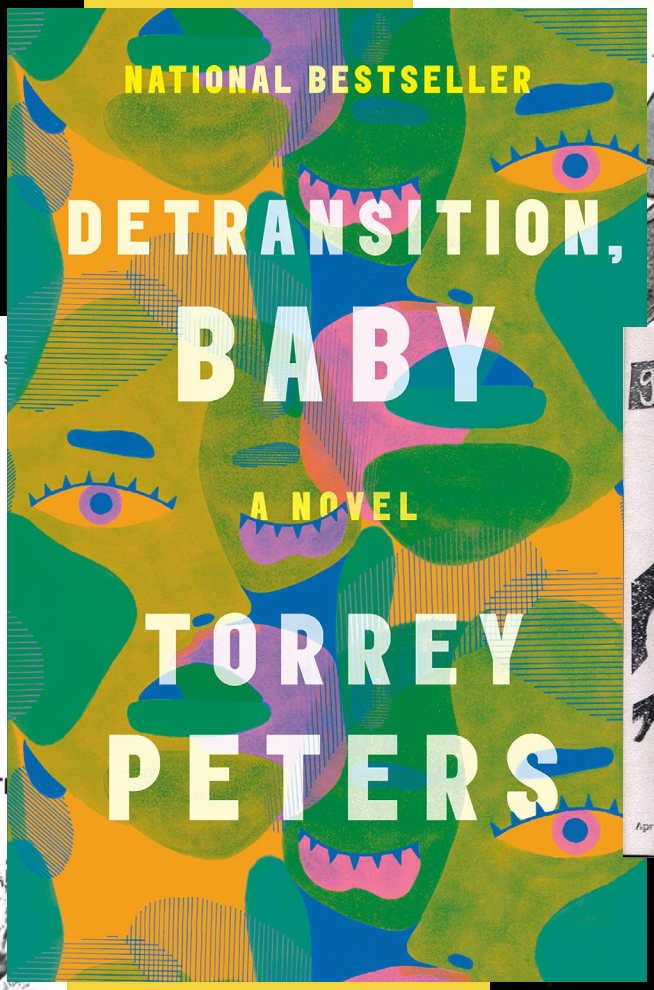


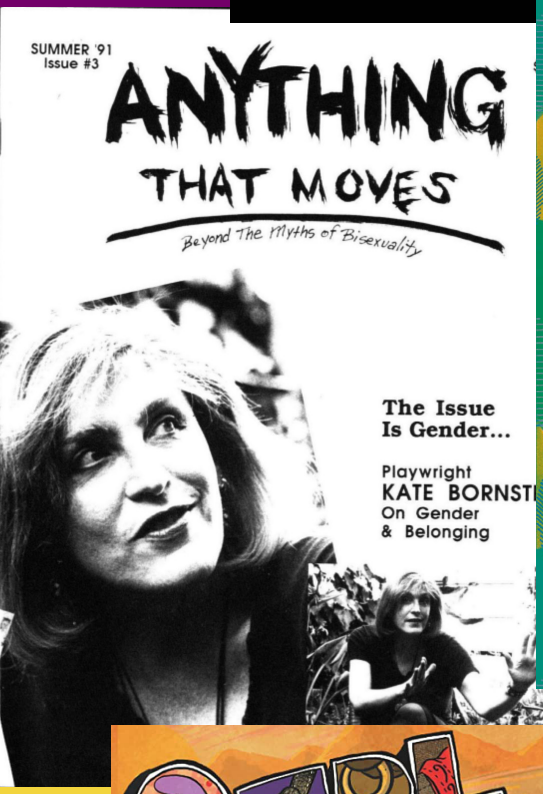
Here's some other books I, the editor, can recommend while we're on the topic.

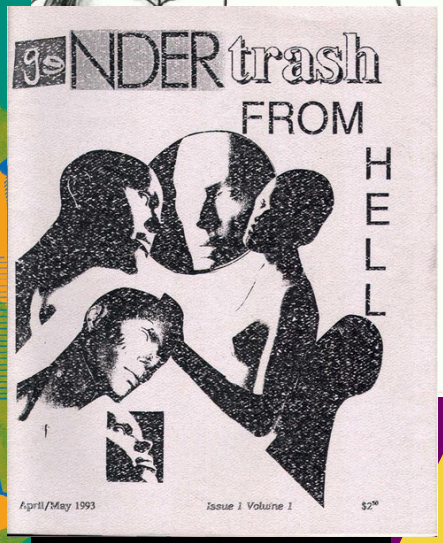


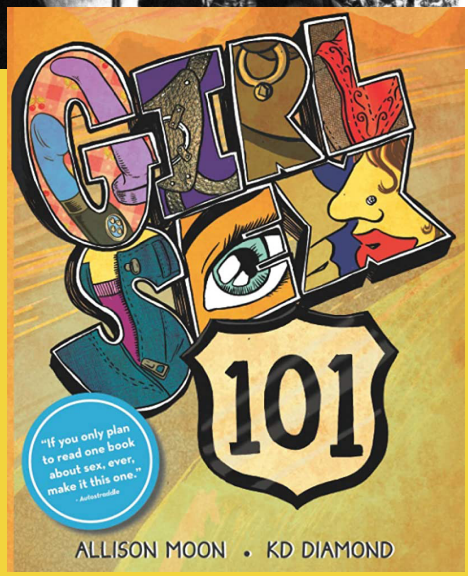


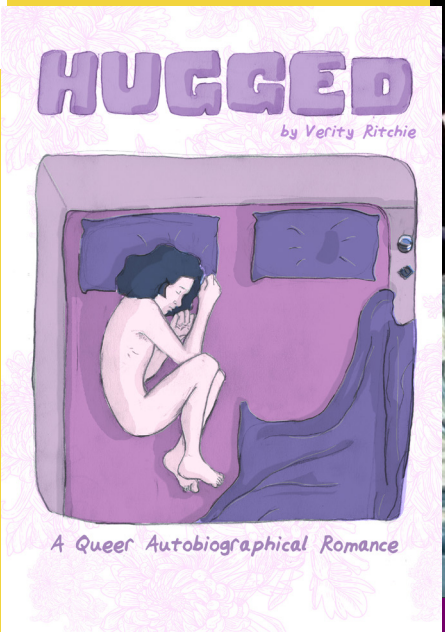


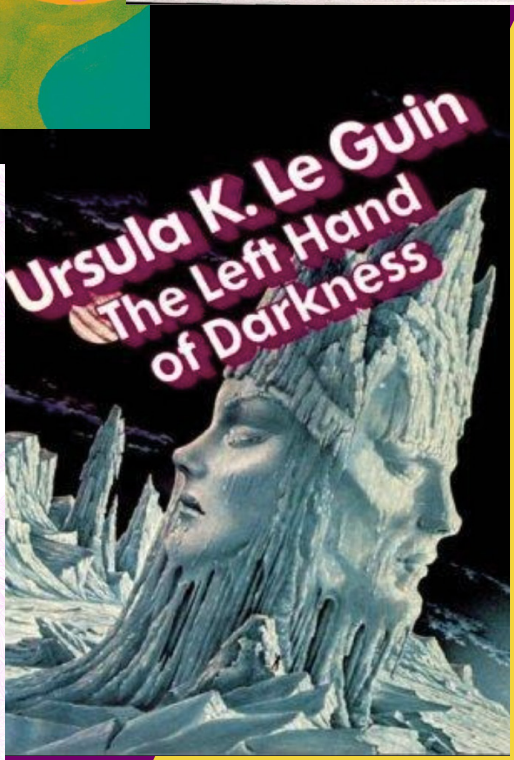












June

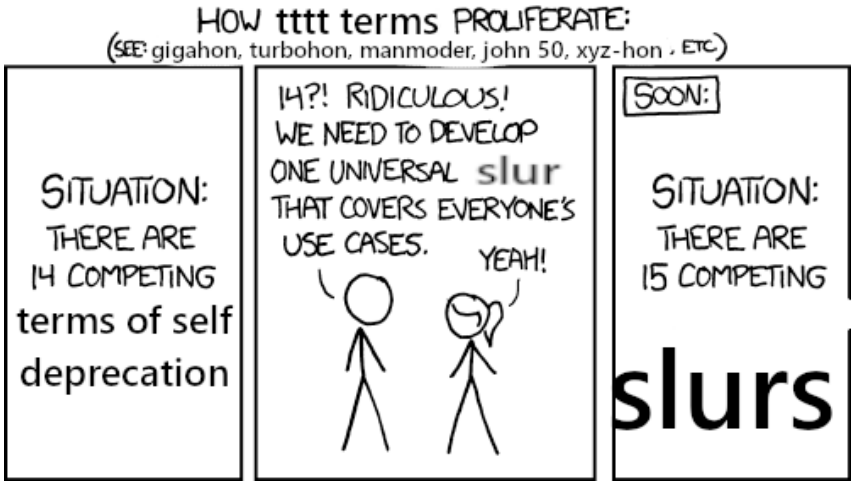
the first thing i wrote for this started with an apology and a claim i wouldn't edit it because 'if i do i will never finish'. this is my eighth draft in the last 16 hours and i really can't think of a better way to describe my general ish im also so excited to read everyone else's words

anyway. i'm june, she/her, 34 years old. just over a year on HRT, 15mo after admitting i was trans, and ~20 years after the thoughts started. i'm a lesbian (or a dyke if im feeling spicy) which is almost more exciting than realizing im trans, my sexuality was delicately entertwined with my identity and understanding both has been a relief. i'm married to a wonderful woman who contrary to the media narrative didn't groom me or did such a bad job it took 13 years to work, i have a terrible job with middling pay in a field that i merely tolerate, a dishvelled duplex in the part of town with a vietnamese supermarket on every corner, a garden, a cute bookshelf, and very few but very good friends.

being trans is weird and complicated. i think a lot of people it gets defined by loss, the loss of family and friends, of jobs or housing, maybe even loss of self or of life. in that respect it feels congruent with my life. i'm no contact with one parent that i know would have been awful bc she was awful about my being """gay""", and low contact with my dad who literally hasn't addressed me directly since i came out to him...but does make sure to use the wrong pronouns and name in the third person. i've lost friends over the years from the shields i built to rep, lost jobs from the same. it was just...slower than it would have been and happened over time instead of explosively at 20 like it does for younger girls.

its also about vulnerability. growing from who i was to who i am and will be took openness, honesty, emotional bonding, and emotional labor and all those things make you vulnerable to the people you trust with yourself. ive been rewarded and punished for it....there's closness where once there was isolation, but also im about 90% sure im going to lose my job by the end of the summer. and my male friends don't understand my worries about my appearance or voice or nerves in public, they don't understand how worrisome it is to watch the naked descent into facsism burgerland is doing right now (not that our society wasn't a veneer of civility over unhinged violence before tbh), how stressful it is to watch the places you can be safe winnow daily. the women do and their kindness and acceptance is lovely as share their own struggles, but its hard to explain to someone why you didn't feel comfortable in the bathroom until she literally drug you into it by the hand. so it goes.

vulnerability is growth though, through sacrifice and fear and depression and love. its a chance to bloom open and be different, the replace all the masculine affect with an authentically new and authentically you you. when i strip back the things i tried to fill my life with unsuccessfully before there's all this space to decorate now and i'm here for it. im basic but i fucking love shopping for clothes and doing femme coded pampering rituals (mmmm pedicure). skincare and cooking are ritual and arte and they're calming and centering. its a chance to believe instead of know, in myself or in the people around me, or in the invisible strings that bind us together and hold us apart. its a chance to be june instead of deadname and to be kind in ways i never dreamed of before, and to get back the energy you give out threefold. people are so lovely now with fewer walls between us, both irl and my little ttttranny duckies. i've never had this kind of closeness with people before, where we can talk about our feelings with honesty and trust and we can bond together and cry together and be one soul for a while. i've never known people in an online community like this either, known the names and the stories and faces behind the han-



dles, or cried for their little victories and defeats (or their large ones). ive had a few people thank me for helping them in a dark place, or just for listening, and it fills me so full of love i don't know what to do but cry about it. im genuinely thankful to everyone here, even the ones who are infuriating, because they're unique and different and wonderful but also we're the same in so many ways and i draw strength from the emotional intimacy even though its mediated by distance and the limitations of text.

i'm not sure what to tell myself, really, or anyone else. it took a long time to understand that my feelings are real and valid and they're something to embrace instead of tamp down with alcohol and distraction. to understand that taking my hurt out on others simply makes us both suffer and offers no relief. that the right thing to do, even if its hard or scary, is to love yourself and the people around you in equal measure. sometimes i think i can explain it but its a feeling more than a thought and i suspect i needed to walk the path i did to really have it sink in. deadname wouldn't have had it in him, he would have wallowed in self-pity instead of just smiling when someone called her miss, would have driven people away instead of pulling them in, and would not have understood why wearing the dress didn't fix everything (it is, after all, only a partial solution). but maybe explaining it would have gotten us here faster, and maybe continuing to live it will help others with the same. i love you all little tranners, and future readers, and future june. now be a good girl and post this instead of deleting it and starting over for a fourth time.

Deermoding

"ive seen boymoders in the wild and they are [...] scared deer souls trapped in lanky, failed male bodies" - deleted user

For me, being trans has always been about hiding who i am and running from what i want. i spent my childhood trying to blend in with my peers and making sure no one would suspect i wanted to be a girl. i spent my adolescence withdrawing into escapism, dissociating, and isolating myself. by the time i was 19 i finally accepted that was trans, but i was determined to repress it. i became a barely functional shell. i wouldnt even look at anything feminine, i avoided any human interaction, i set suicide pacts with myself, and i played the part of a cis male until i finally broke.

now, im 28 years old and 8 months into transition. im still too scared to wear feminine clothes, too scared to ask people to use a different name for me, too scared to go outside without a hoodie. eventually ill have to start undoing the damage from my years of repression, but id prefer to wait until i slightly resemble a woman (iwn). the self hatred i relied on to repress the trans thoughts never really went away. its not too big an adjustment to pivot from "i dont deserve to be happy" to "iwnbaw, im ngmi, ect."

the life lesson here boils down to "dont rep" cause after all that time im not any less trans for it. now im just this perpetually terrified, near-fatally brainwormed disaster tranny. i couldve been fully transitioned by now, please dont do this to yourself.

theres a lot of cons to being trans: awful dysphoria, being a widely disliked minority, needing tens of thousands of dollars for surgery, being spoken over, misunderstood, stereotyped, harrased, and so on. somehow its still better than repping.

surprisingly, there are some pros: the mental effects from HRT are really nice, physical changes are great if you ignore how agonizingly slowly they take to develop, but so far the best part has been the connections ive made with other trans people. theyre all brainwormed to hell and beaten down by life but theyre all so kind and empathetic despite it all.

the one piece of advice i have for young trannies: please, for the love of god, do not fucking rep. youre gonna be okay, but you have to do this. i dont care how brainwormed you are, for this one thing you need to be kind to yourself.

Capi

Hi! I don't know how to introduce myself because I don't have a chosen name yet, but some people here shorten my username to "Capi", which I find kinda cute so I'll go by that.

I'm a 23 year old trans woman from Brasilia, Brazil. Like many (most?) other people in this community I struggle quite a bit with depression, self hate and internalised transphobia. In fact, this is the first time I ever called myself a trans woman, because honestly I still don't feel like I quite deserve to adopt that identity. Thankfully I'm actually feeling pretty well right now so it seemed right to just say I'm a woman for a change.

Even though I'm from a conservative 3rd world country, I had a pretty normal middle class upbringing I think. I was a happy kid and dysphoria wasn't really an issue until I was about 10. From there it slowly started consuming every aspect of my life, even when I didn't really know what was going on exactly. Thanks to me being kinda sheltered and from a christian family, I only got to know trans people were a thing by the time I finished high school. I knew what was up at that point, but that didn't make dealing with dysphoria seem any less scary, so I repressed my feelings the best I could. I think everyone knows how that usually ends though and it wasn't any different for me.

My "coming out" was kinda dramatic lol. My dysphoria got so bad that I was waking up nauseous and dizzy almost every day for a couple weeks, and I ended up having a complete breakdown in front of my family, telling them I thought I was trans between sobs. That kinda started a whole traumatic process of my parents trying to convince me I'm not trans and saying some very hurtful things. It was probably the worst I ever felt in my life tbh. Thankfully my parents eventually came around and I can pretty confidently say I have a supportive family now, which is crazy to me considering their initial reaction.

It's been 10 months since I started hrt, and 9 since I was lucky enough to find this little community. Being early into transition is a weird experience to say the least, it kinda feels like this weird limbo state where you don't have any security in your future I guess. At least it is for me. I don't know if I'll ever be able to pass or even socially transiton at all, I'm still in boymode and haven't worked up the courage to present fem yet (I really hope this still isn't the case if I ever read this again in a few years lol). It's also very alienating to live like this. I don't have any trans friends or family members and I'm not the best at meeting new people. Being part of this community has made me feel far less alone during this whole transition thing, and I'm really grateful to everyone who has been so nice to me here, even with all the brainworms this place gave me lol.

Right now my main worry other than the typical trans ones about passing and being denied rights is figuring out what the fuck I'm going to do with my life from now on. I'm currently in a major that I absolutely despise. At this point I'm aware I'll never graduate. Honestly deep down I know I want to get into an art program, probably illustration as that's what interests me the most now. But I know that can be a really rough career path with tons of competition, and no real guarantees. And I'll be honest, I don't feel even remotely capable to get started with that. I just hope I'll be able to do something I actually like for a living, or at least be creative like all the people who I admire so much. I just really want to create something with meaning.

If any trans person actually reads this in the future, I hope things are in a better state and the "trans experience" isn't so defined by suffering as it is now. Coming to terms with being trans was probably the best thing to ever happen to me, as baffling as that sounds lol. It's actually kinda cool to be a *real* person now, to be even a little satisfied with who I am, to finally feel hopeful, to be glad that I'm alive. Cis people will always take this feeling for granted I think. If there's anything positive to being trans, that has to be it. I wish every one of you can get to experience this happiness at some point.

Quinn

(don't link it to my reddit account please, lmao) (also hi glowies)

i'm not good at these sorta things, so sorry if this comes across like a long and unhinged rant... but here goes!! hiyo~ i'm quinn - 19, boymoder MtF, jobless roomdweller. ive been on hrt for a few months. i'm in the automotive program of a trade school currently, so technically i'm not a NEET... for whatever it's worth. i have a 30 year old car, i collect stuff of all sorts of topics - computers, old anime films on VHS tapes, different language books, the pile of PSVita parts that i built a working one out of... etc. yes, i'm weird and autistic, how did you know?

some trans stuff: i'm the only trans girl i know in person, people i know online either don't live in this state (i live in the southeastern USA) or don't live in this country (honestly, probably preferable). the complete social alienation has really been getting to me these past few months/years/forever, and 4chan's /lgbt/ and its related offspring are the few places where i feel the opposite way. even the pain of reading vent threads is better than the artificial and performative support most cis people give off.

most people don't know that i'm trans, they just see a long haired ""nerdy"" gay guy - one that uses 4chan, is good with computers, cars, weapons systems, could be a political extremist... (terrifyingly, i think most people in high school thought i was going to be a mass shooter!!)

most people who do know don't care. even if everyone that knew i was trans (in person) was in a room with me, they wouldn't hesitate to he/him the hell out of me, or stutter a she/her into there before jumping around that topic. my parents are "supportive" in a very loose sense, but it's better than them wanting to kick me out.

my main source of joy is possibly my car or my computer - they both provide an escape, a means for me to go on an adventure at any point in time that i want to, as well as pretty much being a necessity in this era and where i live. i plan on going on many more adventures with them. speaking of my car, i just learned that it has child booster-seat straps that will never ever be used by me. do they have surgeries in the future that allow trans women to give birth and raise a child? please PLEASE say they do. (even if they're prohibitively expensive...)

oh, oh, how about my main source of fear/dread?... i have several. how people will react to learning i'm taking hormones, if i have another nervous attack and there's nobody there to help talk me off the ledge, if i die, either at my own hand or at someone else's, without being happy with where i am in life,... global geopolitical disaster... etc. being hatecrimed/SA'd are also big fears. also, if my job prospect as a mechanic will work out. if that doesn't... i'll get an engineering degree so i can make a mecha suit. or become an hero. time will tell

what would i say to my younger self? i'm not sure. there was a trans girl who kept pushing me to DIY HRT when i was a lot younger. she could obviously tell. maybe "take her advice, stop being a repressing little shit" (knowing me, i would repress that and then realize at 18 "wait that's what she meant"). how about to the future trans people?? i hope you can sculpt a world that makes you happy. like, really happy.

hopefully i come across this again, having gone fully girlmode, and am able to look back and laugh. hopefully you all do too. byebye~

Greentext smut is the only porn that makes me feel nice about my body as a poonman

And tttt spaces in general, like yes we're memed to hell but the positive ftm content here is 100x better than any "positive" ftm content on normie platforms. + the smut is actually hot and portrays us as normal people instead of it being a diversity representation pastel liberal arts experimental period blood art installation or whatever the fuck they keep coming up with

It's made me realise that I don't actually hate trans representation, i crave it. Sucks that most of it makes me ashamed to be alive.

I'm working on a comic book (not webcomic, classic print stuff) and in my head the main hero was always trans but i might actually have him be open about it to try and make non-horrible representation

how to stop being the dumbest person alive

formatting my complaining like a greentext because that's the only way i can talk about my emotions

be me

ftm

on t for 3 years, post top surgery, pass well, just look like a twink

bisexual

tfw can't even talk to women because why would they want a dickless manlet

tfw meet a guy i really like, never pursue anything because i'm convinced he wouldn't want to be with a tranny. we've fucked and i have literally no reason to believe this

tfw my bsf is a cis twink who'd probably leap a foot in the air like a cartoon character reacting to a mouse if he saw a vagina but i suck his dick occasionally

tfw somehow convinced i'm pressuring him into this despite the fact that it was his idea

tfw i legitimately don't believe people who tell me they want to have sex with me

tfw want to top but the idea of using a strap makes me feel pathetic and emasculated for some reason

tfw will never get my dick sucked

tfw currently staring at the award i won for doing porn in confusion because i can't comprehend why anyone would be attracted to me

tfw ghost every guy i've talked to because why would they want to be with a tranny

tfw single for two years due entirely to my own behavior

tfw cucking myself because i have worms in my brain

:|

Have I learned anything at all? I am falling apart.

Burn this fucking corpse alive.
I want it to not have a face
anymore.

I want to die I WANT TO
DIE I WANT TO DIE I WANT
TO DIE

Anyways, I'm achieving the
things I set out to do and
they feel like failure.

Just little fragments

This ones about standing
in the bathroom mirror
and depersonalizing.

You can't wear a suit of
armor your whole life.

Gender like superposition
Because I have all this shit
going on in my head. But as
soon as someone observes
me it all just collapses
into a binary state.

"I'm not going to watch you
disintegrate"

What the fuck am I?

WORST OF MEN

TRANNIES

WORST OF WOMEN

As a tranny your're basically a victim by design to most of society. Vulnerable like a woman but hateable like a man